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COLLAR-WALLAH AND THE POISON-STICK.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

MOST people only know monkeys and their manners and customs from the other side of a cage: which is just the same thing as if you put a horse into an attic with sloping roofs and then tried to imagine how he would look in a meadow.

Once upon a time I lived in a monkey country, at Simla among the Himalayas, in a house built out upon the side of a mountain that was full of monkeys. There were two kinds of them: the big silver-gray monkey about three feet high, with a white beard,—people call them *langurs*,—and the little greeny-brown organ-grinder monkeys. We never saw much of the big fellows. They kept to the tops of the tall pines, and jumped from one tree to another without seeming to care where they landed or how. But the little ones frolicked from early morning till twilight in our front garden and the back garden and on the tin roof and round all the verandas. They came with their wives and their children,—tiny brown puff-balls with their hair parted exactly in the middle, so young that they tried to pick up things with their mouths instead of with their hands, and tumbled over on their heads; and they

used to pick the flowers in the drive and leave their babies for punishment on the top of a fence, and slide up and down the pine-trees and make the most awful faces they could, just to show that they did not care for people. We watched them fight and play and nurse their children and swing at the end of the long elastic branches, and chase each other down the almost perpendicular hillside, till we came to know them and give them names. They were fed once or twice a day,—some of them grew so tame that they would come into the veranda and eat from our knees; but they always kept one anxious eye on the open air behind them.

Monkeys are sacred beasts in most parts of India, in Simla especially; but our friends knew that monkeys are sometimes caught by men and trained to ride on goats and to beat tambourines,—things no self-respecting monkey would dream of doing. Once a troop of trained monkeys came and performed in the garden, and the wild monkeys sat about on the trees and said the worst things that they could think of, and the trained monkeys in their blue-and-red petticoats looked at them sorrowfully. When the performance was ended, all our friends

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ran away, and I suppose they talked it over that night, for they were very cautious, not to say rude, next morning, and the babies were put at the topmost tops of the pine-trees when the mothers and fathers came down to be fed.

The tamest of our monkeys (we called them ours, because they would fight any of the tribe or family that came into the garden) was a little fellow who had once been civilized. He still wore a leather collar round his neck, which is a most unusual place for a monkey-collar to be. Generally it is put around the waist. We called him "Collar-Wallah" (the collar-man), and he would eat biscuit from my sister's hand, opening her fingers one by one. The monkeys were our great delight, and we made them show off before callers, and drew pictures of them, and chased them out of our rooms, and saw as much of their ways as they chose to show. We never understood when they went to bed, but we heard them mewing like cats up in the trees; and late at night, coming home from a dinner, the flash of our lanterns would disturb a nest of them in the darkness. Then there would be yells and screeches and cries of, "What did you push me out of bed for?" "I did n't!" "You did!" "You 're another!" "Take that!" and a monkey would come crashing through the branches, and sit at the bottom of the tree, and shout: "Smarty!" till he was tired.

One day I found Collar-Wallah bounding out of my window with my hair-brushes. He left them in the crotch of a tree, and the next time I had a fair chance I threw a pine-cone at him, and knocked him off the end of the fence where he was hunting for fleas. Collar-Wallah put his head through the pickets, showed all his teeth, and called me every ugly name in the monkey language and went up the hillside. Next morning I saw him hanging head downward from the gutter above my window, feeling into the rooms with his arms for something to carry away. That time I did not throw a pine-cone, but put some mustard into a piece of bread and let him eat it. When it began to burn he danced with rage, and that night, just before he went to bed, he pushed my looking-glass over with his feet, breaking it into splinters. Kadir Baksh, my servant, said gravely as

he picked up the pieces: "That monkey is angry with you, Sahib."

I laughed, and said I did not care because I was going away in a day or two for a march, and Kadir Baksh grinned. Marching is more like setting out in search of adventures, as the knights used to do, than anything else; and whenever I got a chance I used to go on a march. The way to do it is this way. You take your horse and groom and servant, and two or three men to carry provisions, and go out for a week or a fortnight, just for the sake of walking and riding and seeing. There is no country in all the world as beautiful as the Himalayas, and my march was going to lead me through the loveliest of the mountains. So I took my horse (her real name was "Dorothea Darbishoff," because she had come into India from Russia, but she was called "Dolly Bobs" for short, because she shied). And I took her groom, a one-eyed man called Dunnee, and Kadir Baksh took his umbrella and the little bundle of things he wanted, and commanded a detachment of two coolies with baskets full of tinned things to eat slung over their shoulders on bamboo poles, and little "Vixen," my fox-terrier (who always hoped to catch a monkey some day, and never did), took command of us all, and we started off along the road that leads to Thibet. There is no other road worth mentioning in that part of the world, and the only way of missing it is by stepping off its edge and rolling a few thousand feet into the valley. In front of us there was nothing but the line of the Himalayan snows, that always looks just the same, however near you may get to it. Sometimes we could see the road curling round a hillside eight or ten miles ahead, or dipping into a valley two or three thousand feet below. Sometimes we went through forests where every tree was hung with ferns from top to bottom, and where the violets and the lilies of the valley grew as thick as grass. Sometimes we had to climb over a naked shoulder of shaven hill where the sun blistered the back of our necks, and sometimes we wound along under a cliff of solid black rock, all wrapt in mist and cloud, with a thunder-storm roaring in the valley beneath us. At midday we stopped to eat by the roadside, and at night we rested in the bare

houses with nothing in them except a chair and a bedstead that are put up for the accommodation of travelers. But it was a most beautiful march. Everybody thought so except Dolly Bobs, and she did not like meeting in a narrow road caravans of sheep, each sheep carrying a little leather-tipped sack of borax, coming down from Thibet. The big wolf-dogs that guard the caravans frightened her. Three or four times in a day, too, we would be sure to come across a whole tribe of monkeys changing their camping-grounds, and the chattering and barking and scuffling upset her nerves. We used Dolly Bobs for a pack-horse at last and tramped on our feet twenty miles a day, till we reached a beautiful valley called Kotgarh, where they grow opium and corn. The next day's march I knew would take us down three thousand feet and up two thousand, so I halted above the valley and looked about for a place to sleep in for the night. We found a Mohammedan farmer who said he would be happy to lodge Dolly Bobs and give me what he could to eat. So we went up to his hut and put Dolly Bobs under cover, and soon sat down to some boiled kid and what they call Mussulman bread. Then there was some honey and some more bread. My host would not eat any of my tinned things, for he was afraid that they might have pork in them, and Mohammedans are forbidden to eat pork. After supper I wrapped myself up in a blanket, Kadir Baksh curled up for a smoke, and Dunnee came in and sat in a corner and smoked his own pipe alone,—for he was a low-caste Hindu,—and my host lit his water-

pipe, which was made of an old blacking-bottle, and we began to talk. Then his wife came in, and put what was left of the supper into a dish, and carried it out. I could hear Vixen, who was sleeping with Dolly Bobs (you must never take a dog into a Mohammedan house—it is not good



"THE FLASH OF OUR LANTERNS WOULD DISTURB A NEST OF THEM."

manners), begin to growl and talk monkey, and I wondered why Mohammedans, who generally

make a point of ill-treating every animal that the Hindu holds sacred, should feed monkeys. The woman came back with the empty dish, saying: "I hope they will swell and die!" and I heard the monkeys scuffling and chattering over the food. The farmer looked at me and said: "I should not do this if I were not forced; but when the monkey-folk are stronger than you are, what can a poor man do?"

Then he told me this tale, and I give it as he told it.

"Sahib, I am a poor man—a very poor man. It is my fate to come to this country far away from my Mohammedan friends."

Kadir Baksh moved restlessly, and I saw that he wanted to say something, so I gave him leave to speak.

"Perhaps," said Kadir Baksh, "he has forgotten something. It is in my mind, Sahib, that before this man was a Mohammedan he was a Hindu. He is a Mohammedan of the first generation, and not one of the old stock. Blessed are those that take hold of the faith at any time, but the face of this man is the face of a Hindu."

"That is true," said the man; "I was an *arain*, a gardener, but my father turned Mohammedan, and I, his son, with him. Then I went away from my Hindu people, and came here because my wife has friends in these hills and the soil is good. They are all Hindus in this valley, but not one of them has ever molested me on account of my being a Mohammedan. Neither man nor woman, I say, neither man nor woman has offered any harm to me or mine. But—Sahib, the monkey-folk are very wise. I am sure that they knew I had turned my back on the old gods of the Hindus. I am sure of it."

The monkeys outside chattered as they swept up the last of the supper, and the farmer shook his head solemnly.

"Now listen, Sahib. This spring I planted rice for myself and my little ones—good rice to eat if Fate allowed me to live so long. My back ached as I planted it tuft by tuft in the little field yonder, and I borrowed a neighbor's buffalo to plow the wet furrows. Upon a day, while I was planting, there came one of the monkey-folk out of the forest there at the top

of the hill, and he sat upon the boundary-stone of my field and made mocking faces at me. So I took a clot of mud and threw it at him, crying, 'Begone, sinful one!' and he went back to that forest. But on the next day there came



"THE NEXT DAY THERE CAME TWO OF THE MONKEY-PEOPLE, AND I THREW TWO CLOTS OF MUD AT THEM."

two of the monkey-people, and they sat upon my boundary-stone, and I threw two clots of mud at them, and they went to my house together, dancing upon their hind legs, and they stole all the red peppers that hang upon the door."

"Yes," said the woman, "they stole all the red peppers. They were burned in their mouths, but they stole them."

"Upon the next day I took a *gullel*, a pellet-bow, and hid it in the long grass by the side of the rice, that the Hindus my neighbors might not see what I did, and when those monkey-folk came again I hit one in the back with a pellet of dried mud. Immediately then they went to my house, and while my wife stood without to prevent any more stealing of red peppers, they burrowed into the thatch just above where the Sahib is sitting now, and they came through and overturned the milk in the pot, putting out the fire. That night I was very angry, and I said to myself: 'They think that because there are many Hindus in this

valley I shall not dare to kill them. O foolish monkey-folk!" But I was the fool, Sahib. With my gray beard, I was the fool! In the morning I took rice, a year old and firm in the grain, and boiled it with milk and sugar, a mess for four people, and set it in the corner of the field, and said: "First they shall eat the good meat, and then they shall eat the bad, and I will destroy them at one blow!" So I hid behind a bush, and I saw, not one monkey, but a score of them come down from the woods and consider the matter, and he that had first sat upon the boundary-stone and made faces at me was, as before, the leader of them all."

"But how couldst thou tell one monkey from another at a distance?" I asked.

The farmer grunted contemptuously. "Are there then *two* monkeys in these hills," he said, "that wear a leather collar about their neck? About the *neck*, Sahib, and not about the waist, where a monkey's strap should be?"

Kadir Baksh kicked with both legs under the blanket, and blew out a heavy puff of tobacco.

Dunnee, from his corner, winked his one eye fifty times.

"My goodness!" I said, but I did not say it quite aloud, and the farmer was so interested in his story that he went on without noticing us.

"Now I am sure, Sahib, that it was the Evil One that had put that collar about his neck for a reward of great wickedness. They considered the rice for a time, tasting it little by little, and then he with the collar cried a cry and they ate it all up, chattering and dancing about the fields. But they had not gratitude in their hearts for their good meal—and rice is not cheap in the hills this year."

"They knew. They knew," said his wife, quietly. "They knew that we meant evil toward them. We should have given it as a peace-offering. Hanuman, the monkey-god, was angry with us. We should have made a sacrifice."

"They showed no gratitude at all," said the farmer, raising his voice. "That very evening they overset and broke my pipe which I had left in the fields, and they stole my wife's silver anklets from under the bed. Then I said: 'The play is played. We will have done with

this child's game.' So I cooked a mess of rice, larger and sweeter than the first, and into it I put of white arsenic enough to kill a hundred bullocks. In the morning I laid that good monkey-food once more in the high grass, and by my father's beard, Sahib, there came out of the forest monkeys and monkeys and monkeys, and yet more monkeys, leaping and frisking and walking upon their hinder legs, and he, the leader of them all, was the monkey with the collar! They gathered about the dish and dipped their hands in and ate a little, and spat it out and dipped afresh; neither eating the food nor leaving it alone. I, hidden behind the bush, laughed to myself and said, 'Softly, softly, O foolish monkey-folk! There may not be enough for all, but those who eat shall never need ask for a meal again!' Then the monkey with the collar sat upon the edge of the dish and put his head on one side thus, and scratched himself thus, and all the others sat about him. They stayed still for so long a time as it takes a buffalo to plow one furrow in the rice-field. I was planting rice in the little field below—beautiful green rice plants. Ahi! I shall not husk any of that rice.

"Then he with the collar made an oration. In truth, Sahib, he spoke to his companions as it might have been a priest in the mosque, and those monkey-folk went back to the forest, leaving the rice smoking in the dish. In a very short time they returned, and to me, watching from behind the bush, it was as though all the undergrowth of the forest was moving, for each monkey bore in his hands a twig, and the collar-monkey walked before them all, and his tail was high in the air. In truth, he was their padishah, Sahib—their general."

Now, I had been thinking very hard about Collar-Wallah,—the Collar-Wallah who ate biscuits in our back garden at Simla, and I



was trying to remember how early in the summer he had made his first appearance with us. In the language that the farmer was talking, the word he used for twig might have meant a stone. So I said: "What did they bring in their hands? Stones that you throw, or twigs that you cut?"

"Twigs—little branches with green leaves upon them," said the wife. "They know all that we do not know of the uses of the green herbs in the forest."

"Sahib, I am a very poor man, but I never tell lies. They assembled about that dish of milk and rice and they stirred it with the twigs till the hot rice spurted over their feet, and they yelled with pain. But they stirred it, and they stirred it, and they stirred, and they stirred thus." The farmer's hand went round in circles about a foot from the floor.

"Now, when that stirring was accomplished, Sahib, and he with the collar had tasted the mess again, they threw away the twigs and fell upon that rice and milk and ate it all up and fought for the last grains, and they were very merry and caught fleas one from the other. When I saw that they did not die,—that, by virtue of that stirring with the twigs, all the white arsenic, which should have killed a hundred bullocks, became good boiled rice and milk again, the hair of my head stood up, and I said, 'I have not fought against the monkey-folk, but against wizards and warlocks.'"

"Nay," said the wife, almost under her breath. "It was against Hanuman that we fought,—against Hanuman the monkey god, and the old Hindu gods whom we had neglected."

"I ran home very swiftly and told my wife these things, and she said I must not stir abroad any more for fear of bewitchment by these apes. So I lay on my bed and drew the blanket about me, and prayed as a Mohammedan should pray till the twilight. But woe is me! Even while I prayed, those monkey-folk worked my ruin. I went out of the house at the rising of the moon to milk my cow, and I heard a noise of small feet running over wet ground, and when the moon rose I saw that in the whole of my little field there was not one blade of rice remaining. Tuft by tuft,

Sahib, those monkey-folk had plucked it out; with their teeth and their hands they had bitten and torn every tuft, and thrown them all about the hillside as a child throws a broken necklace! Of my labor and my pains, and the work of my neighbors' buffaloes through the spring, not one cowrie's worth remained, and I took off my turban and threw it upon the ground and wept and roared."

"Didst thou by chance pray to any of thy Hindu gods?" said Kadir Baksh, quickly. Dunaanee said nothing, but his one eye twinkled, and I fancy he chuckled deep in his throat.

"I—I do not remember upon whom I called. I was insensible with grief, and when I lifted up my eyes I saw him, the evil one with the collar, sitting alone upon the boundary-stone, regarding me with wicked yellow eyes, and I threw my turban at him and it became unrolled, and he caught one end of it and dragged it away up the hillside. So I came back to my house bareheaded, without honor and ashamed, the sport of the monkey-folk."

There was a pause, and he pulled at his pipe furiously.

"Now, therefore," he went on, "we feed the monkeys twice a day, as thou, O Sahib, hast seen, for we hope to patch up a peace between us. Indeed, they do not steal much now; there is very little left to steal; and he with the collar went away after the ruin of my rice-field. Now, my little daughter's wedding this year will lack a bridal procession and a band of musicians, and I do not know whence my next year's seed-rice will come. All this I owe to the monkey-folk, and especially to him with the collar."

Long after I had rolled the blanket round me, and was trying to go to sleep, I heard Kadir Baksh's deep voice quoting texts from the Koran, and telling the farmer never to forget that he was a true Mohammedan.

A fortnight later I came back to Simla again, and the first person to meet me in the drive was Collar-Wallah. He dashed under Dolly Bobs's feet and made her shy, and then sat on a low branch nibbling his tail, which is the last insult that a monkey can offer.

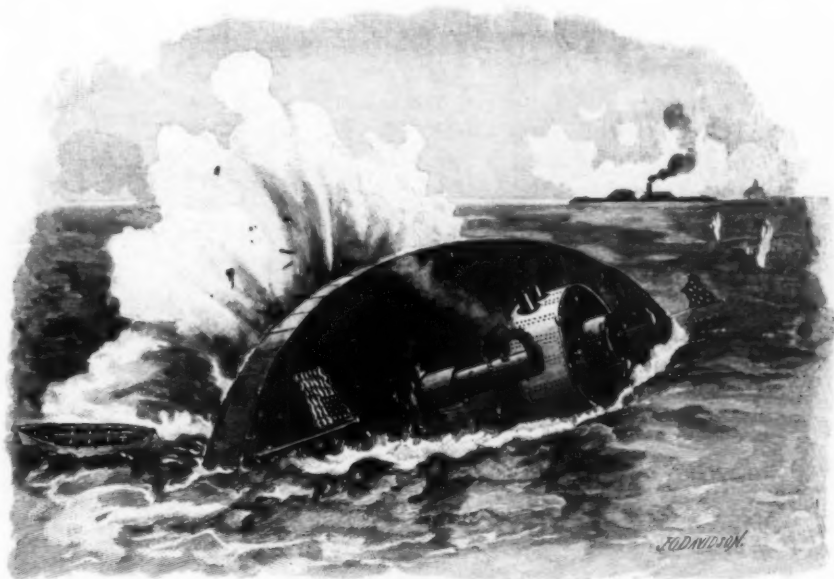
"Collar-Wallah," I said, reining up, "it's no

use your pretending not to understand. I heard something about you at Kotgarh, and I warn you solemnly that if ever you try to do anything to me again, I sha'n't throw pine-cones at you. I shall shoot you dead. *I'm* not a farmer."

Collar-Wallah might have been the most innocent monkey in the world (though I do not for a moment believe it), and perhaps he did not understand a word that I said. All I know is that he never came near the house again as long as I was there.

BATTLING UNDER WATER.

BY FREDERICK HOBART SPENCER.

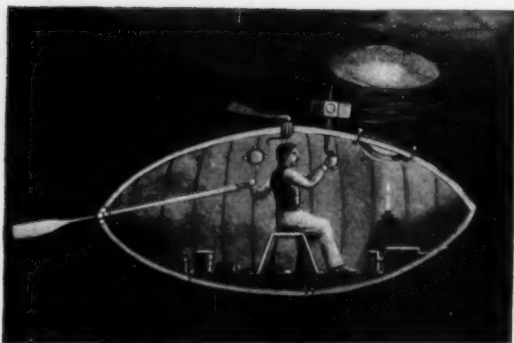


THE MONITOR "TECUMSEH" SUNK BY A TORPEDO, DURING ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S ATTACK UPON THE PORTS AT MOBILE, 1864.

THE greatest question in naval warfare to-day is not about the big battle-ships or saucy torpedo-boats, already pictured and described in *ST. NICHOLAS*, but how to get a boat that will safely dive below the keel of a hostile vessel and blow her to destruction with a charge of dynamite or guncotton. This mode of attacking an enemy is not entirely new, for nearly twenty-five hundred years ago, divers were lowered into the water in a simply constructed air-box, to perforate the wooden

bottoms of an adversary's war-galleys, in order to sink them, and drown or capture their rowers and fighting men.

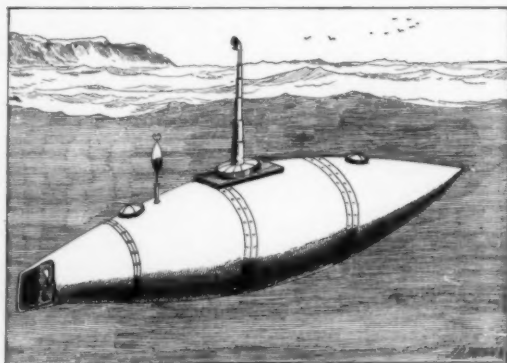
The diving warrior and his box did not outlast the great galleys they had tried to sink, and the history of these boats passes over two thousand years to the American captain Bushnell, of the Revolutionary army, and his diving-boat. This was a tiny, walnut-shaped vessel, sculled by a single oar, and having a crew of one man. The boat sat low in the water while



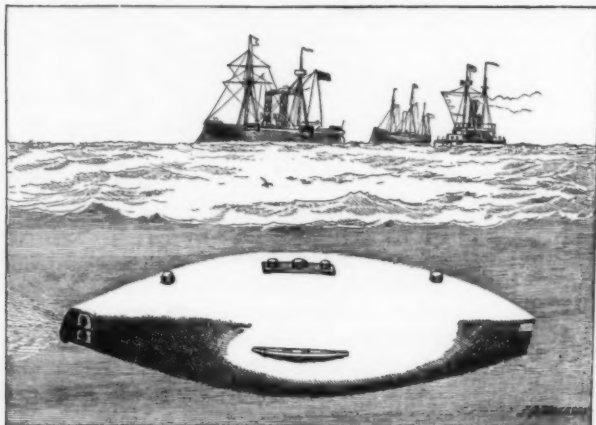
THE BUSHNELL TORPEDO-BOAT.

on the surface, enabling it at night to get near its intended victim without detection. the hatch was closed, shutting in air enough to last half an hour, and by letting in a little water and turning an upright screw-bladed oar, the boat was sunk to near the keel-level of the enemy's vessel, and sculled under the hull. A torpedo outside the boat carried a heavy charge of gunpowder, and was provided with clockwork to fire the charge after the little torpedo-boat should have retreated to a safe distance. The torpedo had a pointed screw stem, by which it was to be attached to the doomed vessel, the screw being turned from inside the torpedo-boat. Except

made the hull of thin copper sheets, instead of wood, and changed the sculling-oar into a



THE "GYMNOTE" PATROLLING A COAST.



THE NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT GUARDING A FLEET.

for the breaking of this screw, it is possible that the British admiral's flag-ship might have been blown up as she lay at anchor in New York harbor; but that is mere guesswork, for, as General Washington said of the boat, "too many things were necessary to be combined in it." Yet it was ingenious, a credit to American skill and daring, and its arrangements are still studied by those interested in submarine navigation.

Twenty-five years later, Robert Fulton, who did so much for steam navigation, took the Bushnell boat for a model, and greatly improved upon it. He

paddle-wheel worked by hand. He forced into a copper tank enough air to supply a crew of four men while under water for six hours. For use while at the surface, the boat was provided with removable masts and sails. His experiments lasted some twelve years, the governments of France, Great Britain, and the United States successively supplying the means. But naval experts everywhere scouted the serviceableness of the boat, and the higher authorities denounced its mode of warfare as no better than murder or assassination. The



DESTRUCTION OF THE U. S. SHIP "HOUSATONIC" BY A TORPEDO-BOAT, OFF CHARLESTON, 1864.

device, however, was employed without official permission against some of the British vessels blockading the New England coasts in the War of 1812. Though no actual damage was done, the blockaders were badly frightened by the attempts.

Nothing important succeeded Fulton's boat till the time of the Civil War, when the Confederates constructed some cigar-shaped ves-

sels of sheet-iron, to be driven by a screw worked by hand, and submerged by the admission of water; the descent and ascent were regulated by rudders or paddles on the sides of the boat, in much the same way as in the Bushnell boat. These boats were provided with floating torpedoes that dragged astern and were intended to explode by striking against the bottom of a ship under which the torpedo-



THE LEAK THAT SANK THE "ALBEMARLE"—CAUSED BY A TORPEDO. (SEE PAGE 316.)

boat should pass. They had also torpedoes set on a spar standing out from the bow of the boat. One of these sparred torpedoes destroyed the Federal blockader "Housatonic," off Charleston, but the torpedo-boat and her crew of nine men were also lost by being caught in the wreck of the sinking ship. The same torpedo-boat had previously drowned twenty-three members of her successive crews by many accidents due to her defects.

The reason why submarine torpedo-boats are in demand is that the surface torpedo-boats may be failures, though a few years ago they were so highly thought of that many authorities declared it folly to build large and costly battle-ships, when an inexpensive torpedo-boat could readily destroy them. But the battle-ships now have their electric search-lights for night use, their machine-guns to rain tempests of projectiles upon an approaching foe, their steel nettings reaching out from the hull and down

afford to turn away from an agent within even their reach, for it may one day be the means of preserving their rights or their liberties from some stronger naval power.

To be safe and efficient, a submarine torpedo-boat must have many good qualities. It must be a good surface-boat, able to keep at sea in rough weather, and to travel at a speed of some twenty-five miles an hour in smooth water. When under water, the speed should not be less than fifteen miles an hour. All machinery for keeping the boat at a regulated depth below the surface, or for preventing it from rolling over, or from dipping at the bow or stern, must be self-acting—that is, not dependent from moment to moment upon the judgment, skill, or attention of the crew. The boat must be well lighted within, and must afford the crew a good view throughout the adjacent water. It should also have means for bringing down from the surface a reflected view of what is present or happen-

to the keel, and their swift steaming guard-boats, also armed with torpedoes for attack upon advancing enemies of the same kind. Thereupon the cry is for a torpedo-boat that may defy the search-light, the rapid-fire guns, the steel nettings, and the guard-boats, and such a boat must be one that can come near, and do its work unseen.

Naval authorities no longer consider it barbarous or inhuman to use submarine boats, for the world has grown accustomed to the use of hidden torpedoes, and of the terrible dynamite, in operations of war. Nor can the weaker or poorer nations

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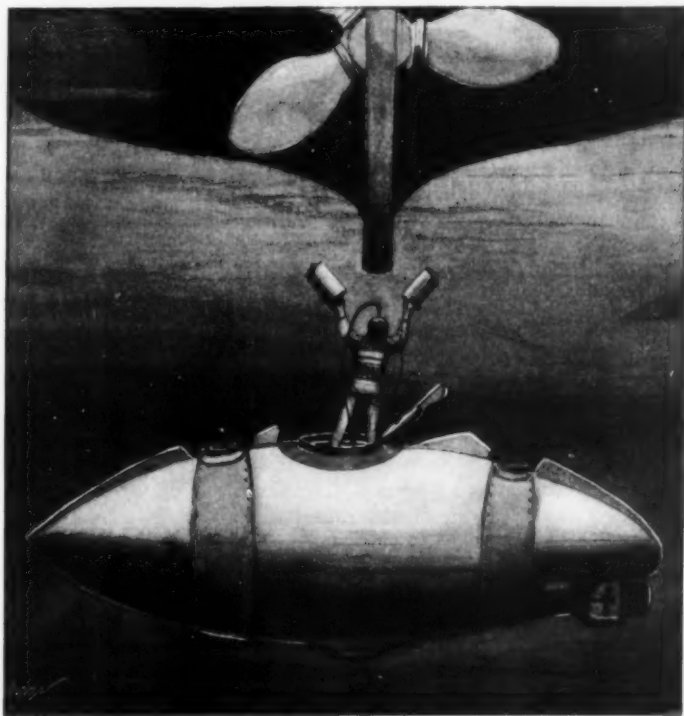
ing there within a radius of at least a mile. The air contained within the boat must be purified by chemical process, and the ordinary temperature must not greatly exceed that of a hot day in midsummer. The crew must be able to get surely and quickly into the water in case of accident to the boat, or of other peril to their lives. The boat must be able to remain continuously under water for at least twelve hours, and, during that time, to lay its course accurately and know its position. It must be able to avoid or to clear obstructions or entanglements, and to extricate itself from mud in shallow waters. The boat and its appliances must be so constructed and so arranged as to act with great certainty, ease, and readiness under all circumstances, so that the commander may take his proceedings and give his orders for the working of the boat in full confidence of the result. Finally, the boat must be able to discharge into and through the water a torpedo large enough and powerful enough to destroy the greatest war-ship without danger to the boat itself.

No submarine boat yet built has fully reached the foregoing standard, but a few have given much promise, and excited great hope of development into a high degree of effectiveness. Chief among these is the French boat "Gymnote," designed by Naval Constructor Zede, a steel, cigar-shaped, propeller vessel, driven by electricity, and carrying an outside torpedo to be exploded by an electric current sent from the boat. This vessel has made eleven miles an hour when fully submerged, and has remained continuously under water for eight hours. A reflection of

whatever is upon the surface in the vicinity of the submerged boat is carried down through a kind of telescope, and enables the operators to handle the vessel as readily and intelligently as if they themselves were upon the surface. For the present the French authorities are keeping the boat as secret as possible. How serviceable the boat would be in actual warfare, cannot yet be even guessed.

A submarine boat invented by Lieutenant Peral, of the Spanish navy, has been tested at Cadiz with good results. This vessel is also cigar-shaped, and is propelled by twin screws driven by electricity. The torpedo used is of the Whitehead pattern, which by internal machinery propels itself toward the object at which it is directed, and is exploded when it strikes. The "Peral" has made six miles an hour, and has remained submerged for as much as three hours and a half. How it is made, and how it works, have not been told.

Before the recent construction of the Gym-



THE "PEACEMAKER."

note and Peral, the Nordenfelt boat, designed by the inventor of a noted machine-gun, was considered the most promising. This boat is rounded at the center, with the ends tapering to upright wedges. It is propelled by a screw driven by a steam-engine. It is submerged and raised by taking in or forcing out water-ballast, and its sinking or rising is aided by upright screws. Flat rudders at the bow prevent the dipping of stem or stern. The boat, in its latest form, has shown great seaworthiness, and when submerged has reached a speed of over twelve miles an hour. Though depending upon the natural supply of air, the boat is able to remain a long time under water without coming to the surface. The torpedo used is the Whitehead, already mentioned.

Lieutenant Hovgaard, of the Danish navy, is the designer of a boat intended to be propelled by electricity when submerged, and by steam upon the surface. Its submerging and descending are governed by upright propellers with a thrusting motion. It is meant for a long stay under water, and its mechanism is to be largely self-acting,—an important safeguard against a sudden and fatal plunge to the bottom.

An English boat, the invention of a civil-engineer named Ash, differs from others in being so made as to sink, so long as the downward motion is not arrested by the pushing out of metal cylinders arranged in a row on each side of the boat and charged with compressed air. This cylinder arrangement is remarkably simple and ingenious, but actual trials of the boat have not been encouraging.

The "Peacemaker" is an American boat, designed by a resident of San Francisco, named Tuck. Its shape is that of an elongated oval. The motive-power is steam, the boiler being heated by a coal fire while on the surface, and by caustic soda after submergence. The means of descent and ascent are of an ordinary kind;

namely, water-ballast and side rudders. Compressed air, purified by chemical process, is supplied to the crew. Two buoyant torpedoes, coupled together, are floated under the keel of the ship to be destroyed, and magnets are attached to them to make them hold to the steel plates. They are then exploded by an electric current from the boat. In an actual river trial at New York, this boat has made eight miles per hour, and has remained below the surface for half an hour.

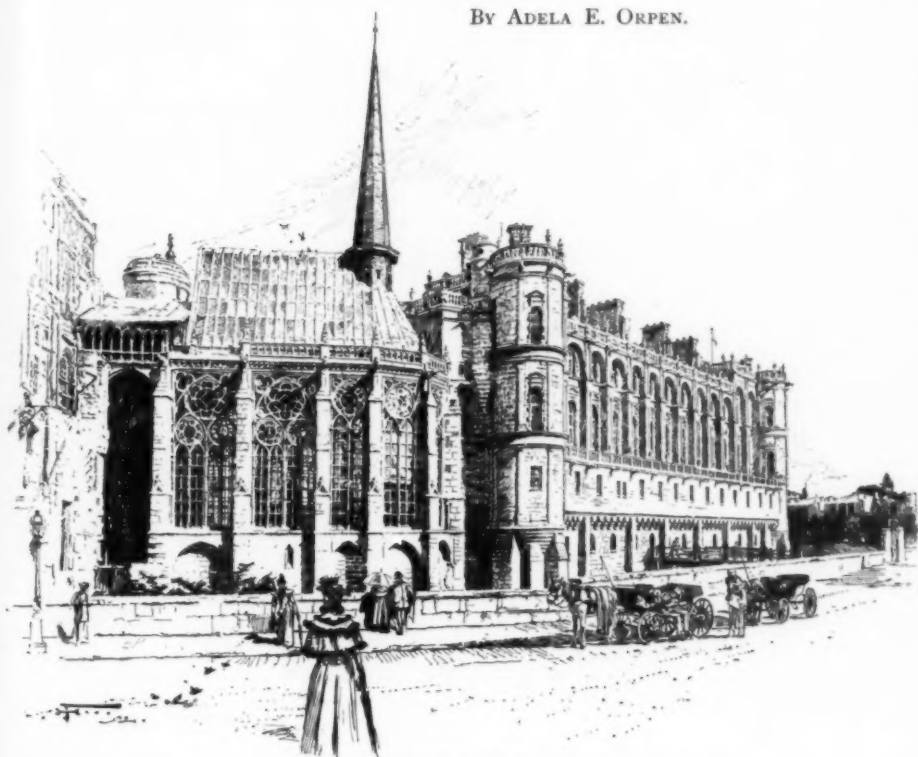
Senhor Barboza de Souza, of Pernambuco in Brazil, has sought to lessen the consequences of accident or disaster by making the bow and stern sections of a boat detachable from the midship section, so that they, or either of them, may be cast off in case of entanglement or injury, leaving behind a still perfect and fully equipped submarine vessel.

So far as can be determined upon present information, no submarine torpedo-boat has yet been built or planned that would completely meet the requirements of actual warfare. That such boats will be plentiful within a few years seems, however, almost a certainty. This conclusion few would doubt in the presence of the Nordenfelt boat, to take a particular example. And the destruction of a single large war-ship by a submarine boat would spread demoralization through the navies of the world. After the blowing up of the Housatonic, the fine steam-frigate "Wabash," armed with powerful guns, and having a disciplined crew of seven hundred men, fled in ludicrous confusion from one of the clumsy little Confederate divers—officers and seamen alike terror-stricken till safety was assured by distance. Naval power would be paralyzed till means should be found to neutralize the mischief of the unseen and unknown adversary, and it might be that naval warfare would be transferred for a time beneath the surface of the sea.



THE BOYHOOD OF LOUIS XIV

BY ADELA E. ORPEN.



THE CHATEAU OF ST. GERMAIN.

No human being ever thought more of himself than Louis XIV. of France. He was not at all remarkable in himself, but he had a remarkable life, and he fills a great space in history. When he was born, all Europe rejoiced, and when he died, the world felt that a great light had gone out. He was not a handsome man, or wise, or learned; yet he thought himself all three, and no wonder. He was always surrounded by a crowd of men and women who made him think he was the most perfect human being the world had ever produced. So much flattery had its effect.

His father was Louis XIII., a dreary, sad-faced man, as different as possible from his

gay and cheery grandfather, Henry IV.; his mother was Anne of Austria, a beautiful woman of imperious will, the eldest daughter of the King of Spain.

Great were the rejoicings at his birth (September 5, 1638). In Paris, on the quay of the Hotel de Ville, wine and food were distributed for three whole days to all who came; and at night the city appeared to be on fire, such was the splendor of its illuminations.

The public baptism of the dauphin, or heir, was postponed until April, 1643, and was then celebrated with magnificence in the chapel at St. Germain. The story goes that on the return from the ceremony, the king asked his

name, and when the child answered, "Louis the Fourteenth," the king reproved him, saying, "Not yet, my son; not yet!"

Whether this little dialogue ever took place, we cannot say; but certain it is that the moment was fast approaching when the child in very truth would be Louis XIV.

Little Louis was just four years and eight months old when, by the death of his father, he became King of France. He received his courtiers gracefully on the first occasion when they presented themselves before him; and when he and his mother stepped out on the balcony to show themselves to the people who swarmed below, he was greeted with shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" from the populace. Thus began his long reign over France. Immediately after assuming his royal duties, he presided at a council. Lifted into the chair of state, he sat there demurely while the council deliberated, and then signed his first public document,—his mother, Anne of Austria, holding his little hand, and guiding the pen.

The next morning he was taken to Paris. His whole journey was a triumphal progress. The people never tired of looking at and praising the lovely child, who sat on his mother's knee and gazed at them with earnest baby eyes. It was on the occasion of meeting his parliament next day that, for at least once in his stately life, Louis XIV. acted like a child. He was sitting upon his throne in the Hall of Saint Louis, the queen regent on his right hand, the court all around, while in front sat the parliament, composed of grave, dignified men, awaiting his orders. The queen stood him upon his feet, and whispered in his ear. The king laughed, blushed, turned around, and hid his little face in the cushions of his seat. Never had parliament been more quaintly received! But Anne of Austria was strict in etiquette. Again she took his hand, again spoke softly in his ear. Gracefully he stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, I am come to assure you of my affection; my chancellor will inform you of my will."

The little king was too young, of course, to understand much that went on around him. He spent the greater part of every day in the company of his mother. A small band of chil-

dren, formed into a military company and called *les enfants d'honneur* (children of honor), helped to amuse his Majesty. He drilled them severely, marching them up and down the long gallery of the Louvre to the sound of a big drum, which had been given him, and which he delighted to beat. Whenever the queen appeared, these youngsters presented arms with much dignity.

When Louis was seven years old—that is to say, in the year 1645—he danced at the wedding of his cousin, Marie de Nevers, who married the King of Poland. Dancing was a fine art at this time, and one in which persons of high rank were expected to excel. Anne of Austria was an exquisite dancer, and had caused her son to be carefully trained in this graceful accomplishment. Young as he was, he could bow with surprising distinction, and wield his hat skilfully in the mazes of the minuet.

On his eighth birthday he was taken from his governess and ladies, and placed in the charge of men. The change caused him much vexation, and the first night when, instead of his familiar nurse, a valet came to care for him, his slumbers were much disturbed. In fact, he could not go to sleep, because the valet did not know the story called the "Ass's Ride," which his nurse always told him at bedtime. The valet also was in tribulation, but at last he thought him of Mézéray's "History of France." The book was read aloud with the happiest results—his Majesty slept. Mézéray's history is enough to send any one to sleep in five minutes, so it is no wonder that Louis yielded.

On the 10th of November, 1647, the king was at the play, and enjoying himself very much, when suddenly he complained of violent pains and asked to be taken home. Next day he was in a high fever, and on the third day smallpox declared itself. The court fled, only one lady of honor remaining with the queen during this terrible crisis in her son's life; and the queen herself watched beside him until she fainted from exhaustion. For days he lay at the point of death, but at length began slowly to recover. Then his mother wept for joy. Ere long he was quite well, only—the bloom of his beauty had fled with the disease. Even his brother did not know him when they met.



LOUIS XIV. AS A BOY.

(FROM THE STATUE IN THE LOUVRE.)

When the first war of the Fronde broke out, the royal family were in Paris; but, owing to the queen's unpopularity, they did not there enjoy peace. Accordingly, early in 1649, she determined to leave the city, and knowing that she would not be permitted to go openly, took her measures in secret. At three o'clock on a cold winter morning the king arose, and joined his mother and brother at a back doorway of the Palais Royal. They drove to St. Germain, where they arrived just as the sun was rising. They were unexpected, so nothing was ready: neither furniture, food, nor fire. Those who could get enough straw to sleep upon were lucky.

For three or four days they endured much discomfort; then a sort of peace was patched up, the king and queen came back, and were received with acclamations by the people. The same populace who, a few months before, were execrating their names, now rent the air with shouts of joy.

It was a rule of the old French law that monarchs come of age at thirteen. Louis was rapidly approaching the momentous birthday. He had grown into a tall, fine-looking lad; his manners were good; he was an excellent horseman; he danced admirably, as we have seen; and he had already shown that taste for elaborate dress and ceremony which later years were so strongly to develop.

But before he reached the eventful day, the royal pair passed through a trying experience. It was night-time. Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that the king and his mother were trying to escape out of their unfriendly capital. Bells rang, the people turned out, all Paris was in an uproar, and marched down upon the Palais Royal.

Arrived at the palace gates, the people shouted their will. "Our king! Show us our king!" they cried. Within the palace were dismay and fear. The queen's ladies, pale and trembling, clung to her; she alone was undismayed. Hearing the shout for the king, she—his mother—calmly ordered the doors to be thrown open wide. She faced the mob of those who would enter, and asked what they wanted. "To see the king," they answered, "and assure ourselves that you do not intend to steal him away."

"The king sleeps," replied the queen. "I will show him to you."

With all the regal grace for which she was famous, Anne slowly led the way down the gallery to her son's room. She was followed by as motley a crew as ever the Palais Royal had seen within its walls. On the threshold she paused to put her finger significantly on her lips, then stepped forward to the bed, pulled wide the curtains, and displayed to the people the young king seemingly asleep. He was only feigning slumber. Louis the Fourteenth lay there with eyelids tight shut, but it was to keep back the tears of helpless anger that welled up from his heart.

For two hours the queen stood beside his pillow, and did the honors of his supposed slumber, while the rabble of Paris filed past in whispered admiration. Such nights as these in the lives of kings either dethrone them or make them tyrants.

On the morning when the king attained his majority, he rose early, and was dressed in a splendid suit, covered so thickly with gold embroidery that none of the material could be seen. His mother and Monsieur d'Anjou, followed by the whole court, saluted him, and then a splendid procession set out for the Hall of Saint Louis, where he was to meet his parliament.

The ceremony was very grand, and now the king and his mother imagined that their troubles were at an end. But, within the month, the second civil war, by far the most serious Fronde war, burst out. Twice during its course the king was near losing his kingdom, if not his life. Not until months had passed, and many lives were lost, were the civil wars finally concluded.

It was the special wish of Anne of Austria that her son should marry his cousin, the Infanta Maria Theresa, and she kept this object in view even in the midst of a war with Spain. The Infanta, who was just fifteen days younger than Louis, was a fair, blue-eyed girl, not beautiful in feature. Despite the most graceless coiffure and dress ever invented, her portrait by Velasquez, the great Spanish painter, shows her an attractive young princess.

The marriage project took definite shape in



THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA OF SPAIN. BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO., MADRID, OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

1659, and the king with his court set out on a long progress through the south of France, until finally, in May, 1660, he found himself on the Spanish frontier, awaiting his bride.

Louis the Fourteenth was now, in very truth, the King of France. A new era in his life began—the most interesting of his life, but of his reign the histories will best tell the story.

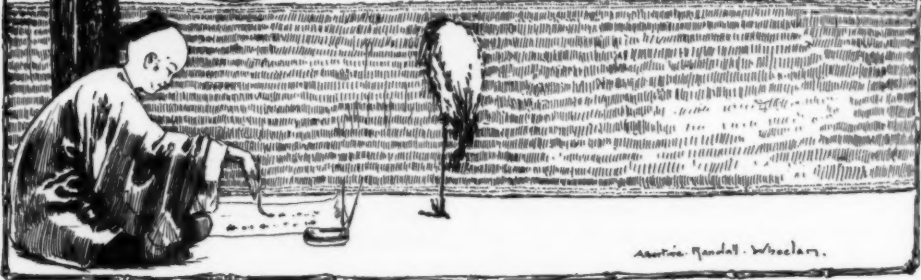
A CHINESE VALENTINE.



Translation

THE East Wind softly blows my thoughts with
the pink and white blossoms to her whom I
love. Come out under the plum-tree and
listen to the voice of the East Wind.

"One who is not known."



Arthur. Randall. Worcester.

LITTLE PETER AND THE GIANT.

(A Fable of the Old-Fashioned Sort.)

BY JACK BENNETT.



GREAT many years ago, in the only country where there ever really were giants outside of the dime museums, Little Peter sat in the fence-corner, dreaming his day-dreams. There was nothing else for him to do. He was too

small to be an esquire or a knight, too weak to work, and not deformed enough to be court jester. He always came at meal-times and to bed; so his mother made no complaint or compliment: she set little store by Peter, for he could never go to war and win an estate in some far country, nor have a large stone sarcophagus in the abbey when he died. And, dreaming in the fence-corner, he pondered much on many questions that people having more to do had less time to consider.

As he dreamed he heard a piteous voice wailing, "Woe is me! Woe is me!" and, clambering to the fence-top, saw a tall and handsome lad sighing along the road, his features stained with dusty tears.

"Why say you 'whoa'?" asked Peter. "You go slow enough now."

"Alas, it is not that sort of woe!" wailed the youth; "I am in love!"

"And that seems passing strange, fair sir! I thought that love did always make one happy!"

The stranger paused and looked curiously at the weazened figure on the fence.

"You must be very young," he said simply.

"Not too young to have seen many in love, fair sir; yet none that I have known have ever suffered in this strange way."

"But I am a poet, alack!"

"Indeed? And pray, what strange thing may a poet be that to him love brings tears, and joy sorrow?"

"I write verses on the merry seasons, on the sweet passion of love, on birds and bees and meadow-flowers in their time: but the seasons shortly pass away, and love is but a fair, false



"'I AM IN LOVE!' WAILED THE YOUTH."

dream; birds and bees fly away erelong, or perish quickly, and the loveliest flowers the soonest fade."

"You don't say? Why, that is too bad, indeed!" exclaimed Little Peter. "Were you born that way, fair sir?"

"Born what way, child?"

"Why, to this tearsome frame of mind? I did never see one who took this same sad pleasure in being sorrowful.

"There, there," continued Little Peter. "It must, indeed, be rooted deep within your ribs, sir, to anguish you so! My mother makes a famous herb tea for the heartburn; perhaps that would do you good. And is this maid so delightful that your queer poet's mind can do nothing but weep?"

"Ah, deary me! She is sweet as a morn in spring, as bright as the summer noon, as tender as the fading day of fall. She is my light, my love, my life—with her I live; without, I die!"

"Yes, but my brother Giles raved much as you, and when he brought her home she was but an every-day lass. And if you love this maiden so, why not go get her, instead of wandering about country lanes mildewing your velvet coat with tears?"

"Ah, boy, you little understand the world. I am a poet, and she—she is a princess," and his tears flowed again.

"A princess? Well, what hindereth that? I have spelled it in the leathern tome upon my uncle's desk that 'Noc maiden, however sweete and faire, is worth more than brave heart.'"

"But listen to the deeds that must be done to win her. Upon the Fatal Isle there is a bush whose golden berries hang unpicked, a book unwritten, and a stone unmoved. He who would wed the princess must pick the berries, write his name in the book, and move the stone from where it stands. Many go, but none come back; for on the gloomy isle there dwells a fearsome giant, and whosoever fights him dies. Thus comes the gruesome name, the Fatal Isle."

Then Little Peter mused deeply a moment. "And all for a woman's smile," quoth he. "Truly, what simpletons men do be! I would not pinch my smallest finger for forty smiles,—else there were a bowl of bread and milk or honey with them."

"But stay, there is a kingdom, a treasure, an

army, a stable of Arab steeds, and a grand store of books also in the game."

"Oh, crickets! That were a prize worth the winning! What say you, sir,—go we together to win it?"

"With you? Ha, ha, ha! And pray, grasshopper, what can you do for a giant?"

"The raindrops run the river—the toad in the little hole was not hurt when the house fell. Go we in partnership, and I'll take care of the giant, never fear. Show me but the island, and you shall have your princess, faint heart—and as to how, there are many sensible things which poets do not know. Mind you your part: leave me mine. Do we go?"

"With all my heart. Lead on."

Then down into the road leaped Little Peter and struck out at a good round pace, his shrewd gray eye flashing with a new fire.

"And what wild scheme of derring-do may be your plan?" inquired the youth.

"Your questions are yours to do with as you please," answered Peter. "My plan is mine, and I propose to keep it. Recipes for the killing of giants do not come so cheap as to be given away for the asking. And more, fair sir, do you not cease your woeful sighing, shrive me but I'll trip the heels of you into the next mud-hole we find!"

At that the poet put on a brave smile and laid aside his gloom, while Little Peter took on a new dignity that well became him, and held his peace. And so they went on right merrily until the sea was reached, with the Fatal Isle, the giant's castle, and the ghastly bone-strewn beach in sight; whereat the poet set to shaking like a leaf, but Peter waxed more eager than before.

II.

BRAVELY accoutred with small sword and buckler, buskins and shining helm of steel, Little Peter rowed right manfully to the Fatal Isle, while the fainting poet hied himself away to the ancient inn that stood hard by, and sought to drown his doubts in thimblefuls of mulberry wine.

At wading distance from the shore, Little Peter leaped from the dory, and pulling a stopple from its bottom, speedily sunk it from sight,

that the giant might not find and destroy it, and so pen him up on the desolate place.

Then he strode up the beach, crying at the top of his lungs, "What ho! What ho! Come forth that I may do thee battle!" but the sound of a huge mouth-harp, on which the lonely Colossus whiled away the weary days between fights, was all his answer. Again he

"Hullo, Toddlekins!" he roared. "What game is this the babies play, since men are all gone coward?"

"Toddlekins indeed!" cried Little Peter. Harken, thou caitiff!—thou art too loud of mouth for courtesy. Draw and defend thyself, ere I lay thee upon these bone-strewn sands!"

With which he made such a sudden assault



"LITTLE PETER ROWED RIGHT MANFULLY TO THE FATAL ISLE."

lifted up his voice defiantly, and beat upon his shield with a vim. With a tremendous crash, the moldy drawbridge fell, and the rusty portcullis flew up with a shriek. Out rushed the giant, so blind with rage that he had nearly stepped upon Peter and smashed him flat before the fight commenced. Round the castle he foamed, through the chicken-yard, and over the moat with a mighty bound, fat though he was. "Adzooks!" puffed he, panting on the lawn. "Methought I heard a hail. 'T is strange, 't is passing strange!" Then he spied Peter, standing his ground sturdily, and stared at the little fellow in stupid amazement.

upon the giant's fat legs, that Buncome—for this was his name—roared with startled anger, and sweeping his immense sword all about, smashed two tall trees, and demolished the whole side of his summer kitchen. Peter adroitly evaded the blow; but it was so rapidly followed by a ceaseless shower of flail-like swoops that he barely saved his little self from being swept into the ocean or scattered about the beach. Furious at his repeated failures to crush the audacious mite, the burly Buncome seized a mighty shovel standing by, and, scooping up a sandy space and Little Peter with it, with one mighty thrust he made ready to throw

the whole far out into the sea; when Peter, seeing that all was up if he did not speak in haste, shouted, "Hold, lubber knight, for I yield me to your mercy!"

The giant stayed his hand a moment, panting, "Oddsboddikins! Why thought you not

the women all exclaim, 'There goes Buncome, the baby-butcher!' Why, your name will become a laughing-stock in the land, and you, fallen too low for decent men to combat, will stay alone upon this isle, despised and forgot, until you fatten like a pig in a pen, scant of breath and



THE COMBAT BETWEEN LITTLE PETER AND THE GIANT.

on that before? Had you not vexed me so, I would have had mercy and mashed you most tenderly; but now I mind me to rend you limb from limb!"

"And valiant, then, indeed, would be your tale of killing one so small as I! If that be what you call bravery, in sooth it was a poor quality that you chose when you set yourself up in the hero business. But kill me, and hear

scant of glory, all from being scant of wit. What fame get you by squashing me? What fear you? That I will move a stone four hundred times my weight, or steal berries beneath your eyes?"

"Gadzooks! Sir Spiderlegs, those be large thoughts for a little head! You shall be my serf. Yet where shall I keep you?"

"Chain me to your leg," said Little Peter;

"then I shall be always with you to give you good advice."

"By my halidom, Toddlekins, you are right! and so shall I tether thee."

Next day, the breakfast platters cleaned, and the beans put to soaking for dinner, the huge giant and Little Peter set out upon their rounds. Tied by the giant's key-chain to Buncome's leg, the small prisoner had a lively time keeping up with Buncome's stride; but, though the day was hot, so stupendous was the bulk of the man-mountain that Peter, beneath, ran all the while in perfect shade. Indeed, Buncome could not see his little slave at all unless the tether was stretched to its utmost, and Little Peter was in high glee, for all his plans were working finely.

Reaching the bush that bore the golden berries, with much scratching of his dull head Buncome managed to count the precious bits upon his fingers, to see that none were stolen in the night. They were all there. But, as he straightened up to scan the horizon for strange sails, Little Peter cautiously pulled a small pan from under his doublet, and began to pick the berries as fast as his pudgy fingers could fly. Noiselessly they dropped into the pan.

"Ho, ho! What are you up to down there?" said the giant, in tones that shook the hill.

"The midgets bother me so that I have to drive them off with my chain," answered Peter, and Buncome was too close to the bush to see it over his huge paunch when he looked down; so all the berries were soon picked. Then from his pocket Peter pulled a paper of brass buttons and stuck them on the bare branches, where they glittered finely in the sun; so that when

the giant glanced back from his path, the bush seemed to bear even more berries than usual, and he went on chuckling at his faithfulness.

Just beyond the hill was the antique, carven, rocky niche in which the great book of empty pages had for years awaited the name of the hero who never came. Down plumped Bun-



"HOLD, LUBBER KNIGHT!" SHOUTED LITTLE PETER. "I YIELD ME TO YOUR MERCY!"

come on his stalwart knees to examine the leaves, whereat Peter had to fly to the length of his chain to keep from under the crush. The sheets were fair as the driven snow, with-

out line, or mark, or blot. And then the giant swept the horizon with his spy-glass, that no adventurer might come too close to land. That was Peter's opportunity. He nimbly hopped to Buncome's boot, and clambered to the high desk. Pulling the deep-rusted pen from the clotted ink-well, he scrawled his name in brave characters across the page, turned a few leaves over upon it, and clambered down again just as the giant hurried on.

The rock that figured in the task lay full two miles down the coast, and Buncome ran the entire way. Had Peter not clung desperately to the giant's spur, he would have been jerked to pieces in a little while, or trampled under foot. "Good lack!" he gasped, when at last the giant sat him down upon the stone to breathe, "if thou dost run this awful twenty mile each day, good master, then thou art duller than I dreamed. A pinch of wit would save you this weary task. You can lift this great rock with ease; take it on your broad back, untether me that I may keep good watch for you, and carry the rock home and safely down your own big cellar. No knight could find or move it there, I ween, with you at hand all day; nor would this dreary score of miles be necessary more."

"By my breath, babykin, you have a head like the king's counselor. Where got you it?"

"It was a birthday present, if you must needs know. But hoist you the rock, and get we home, that dinner may not wait."

The towering castle reached, Peter pretended to turn in haste to the dinner, while the giant sprung the great bolts of the cellar trap, threw open the massive door, and, loading the rock upon his shoulders, stepped down the steep, dark stairs. No sooner was his head beneath the floor than Peter sprang to the hatch, slammed down the mighty door, slid to the ponderous beams with all his strength, turned the key in the lock, and with a mocking laugh of triumph sat him down to dine.

Three days, three nights the hungry giant howled and raved amid the dark and damp, which made him sore afraid. Then, his appetite proving greater than his ardor, he surrendered with good grace, and was set free, humble and steadfast to the terms of his release. Three

days and three nights he ate all he wanted; then he turned the keys over to Little Peter, and scurried away to a far country where his prowess would not be damaged by reports of his ignominious defeat.

Then Peter rowed right proudly back to join the weeping poet, who was wild with delight at winning the princess even so ingloriously as by proxy of a dwarf. "Such is the blind and eager egotism of them that be in love," thought Little Peter.

But soon again the sad poet began to wail. "Alas! I fear that, having won the kingdom and the princess, you will keep them both, and nevermore shall I have hope to win my love."

"A fever on your foolishness! Be this a poet's nature, to doubt a man of honor, to make a bear of a bugaboo, to weep for lack of else to do, I would liefer be a dullard dolt! And faith, I do not want your princess. And should I, she would not have me, weak and stunted as I am, though a giant-conqueror. Give me the kingdom, keep your princess."

"But, alas! mayhap the king will hear of no such parceling of his daughter from hand to hand when the winner will not have her."

"Oh, fie! Why swim afore you even see water? Be poets' heads so dull they borrow all their ideas?"

Then onward they hurried to the palace of the king.

III.

OUTSIDE the lofty court, the poet, under Peter's orders, transformed himself into a wretched-looking wight, ill-clad and homely. And, thus disguised, he played esquire to Peter, for Peter must needs have an attendant, as all knights have when cutting a dash before strangers.

But good King Boli-Boli was loath to believe the tale. He sent a messenger in haste, and lo! the rock was gone, the berries were gone, the giant was gone, the castle was locked, and a name was written in the book. Yet still was the king loath to give the princess, Sunbeam, to the stunted stranger. "Forsooth," said he, "it was some great knight did this, whom roads have long delayed. Ye are but impostors come to steal the prize."

Then waxed Little Peter wroth. "Taunt us not," he boldly cried to the king's very teeth, "or we will leave you as we left your craven giant! Here are the berries. Here is the key of the castle, with your royal seal and signet set upon it. Come, fetch us the princess; we have no time to waste in cavil."

The king was taken with this bold talk, for he was himself a warlike man. "Truly, these are the proofs; and while I marvel, I must fain be-

father, tell me not this is the man whom I must wed!"

"Silence, daughter! Affront not a greater than all my kingdom knows—who dared his life for your hand. What I promise I perform. Strange sir, here is my daughter—"

"Oh, Father, I cannot! Oh, sir, have pity!" she cried, turning to Little Peter—"have pity, when my father will have none!"

"Sweet maiden," said Little Peter, "pray let me have one word with thee apart."

"Sir," she sobbed, "I have but one word for thee: I love another, a poet, and as handsome a youth as thou art not. Keep me not to this



"MARRY, SIR, WHAT AILS YOUR SQUIRE?" SAID THE KING.

lieve my eyes. My daughter and the kingdom are yours, brave sir. Go call the princess, page."

Like the sunrise on a perfect day, she came: so fair that Little Peter's heart, which faltered not at giants, stood stock-still. "And yet," he mused, "a father would give her for a paltry deed!"

But when the princess looked upon his strange figure, she shook and paled with fright, and, turning to her father, faltered pleadingly, "Oh,

promise, for it is the poet Azair that I love, and none other can I wed."

At this declaration, Little Peter's scarecrow squire leaped in air joyfully, and snapped his stained fingers in an ecstasy.

"Marry, sir, what ails your squire?" said the king.

"Ho! he doth scribble verse, and hankers for a princess's smile." Then rose Little Peter to his tiptoes, and whispered low into the princess's

ear. What he said she never told ; but, blushing sweetly, she smiled with joy, and replying, "That I will," ran to her room, laughing.

"Little Peter gazed an instant after her, and spoke: "To-morrow I will claim my bride, O king. Falter not at any change, however great, but give her to the man who here presents this ribbon which she just now gave me as a plight of troth. I go to register my kingdom with the keeper of the seals. To-morrow you shall see her ready to my throne as summer sun to shine."

So saying, Little Peter withdrew, and saw the king and princess no more. He had won his kingdom, and rested his ambition there.

"'Little Great-Heart' men will call you from this day on forever!" sang the poet.

"Ah," said Little Peter, "this 'forever' of men's is a strange eternity, fair sir. They end it often when they change their coats. Yet I have touched a woman's heart with kindness, and there will I live forever. Fare thee well—leave your tearful poesy, and be happy."

Bright and early, when the sun rose on the coming morrow, the poet, brave in his best suit, and bearing gaily the ribbon of his love, was at the court ere yet the sleepy scullions had washed the dishes from the breakfast of

the king. Though the monarch did marvel much at the wondrous change that seemed so quickly wrought, he said nothing, not he,—for right glad he was to have his son-in-law so handsome.

As for the princess, she was all gladness, and grew lovelier every day, till people came for miles to see the house in which she lived, although she had long since moved into another dwelling to avoid them. The pilgrims knew no better, and it did just as well.

The old king abdicated in favor of his son-in-law, and the young couple were enthroned amid the rejoicings of their subjects

And Little Peter, or Little Great-Heart, as all loved to call him, took all his poor relations to his far kingdom, and gave them high offices; hence he did all the work himself, as they were prodigies of indolence. His people loved him so that when he told them there was nothing else for them to want, they believed him, wanted nothing, and so were happy—so happy that they gave up all communication with the outer world; and some day, far away, the lost kingdom of Little Great-Heart may yet be found, with the people all very, very happy, and Little Peter still reigning over them.



NOT SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I 'm glad that I 'm a little lad,
And not a pussy-cat;
And sometimes when I 'm feeling sad,
Things do not really seem so bad
If I just think of that.

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THE WHITE CAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)



THE hindmost of the black spearmen were disappearing among the trees, and it seemed almost safe for the boys to begin to lead their horses onward; but neither of them mounted

until they had worked their way through the woods for about one more mile. They both looked and talked courageously enough, but they cast quick glances behind them.

They had not been followed, as yet, and for very good reasons. Ka-kak-kia's enemies did not know there were any "white fellows," young or old, to follow, and were thinking only of killing him. After his friends heard the noise and came to help him, both parties in the fight had quite enough to think of, and so Ned and Hugh were entirely safe for the time being—and no longer. It was therefore well for the boys that Ka-kak-kia had fallen into difficulties, but there had been no limit to the rage of his own squad of black hunters when the work he had left them at was interrupted. All five of them had obeyed his orders eagerly. They brought the two kangaroos in from the prairie to the very spot from which Ned and Hugh had watched the throwing of the boomerangs. One of them carried, among his collection of sticks, a long piece of wood which smoked a little and which smelled very badly. It was split at one end, and the split contained a bunch of leaves. While the others were skinning a kangaroo (for there was no time to dig a hole in the ground and roast it in their usual way), this warrior was whirling that stick swiftly around his head with one hand, and picking up bits of dry wood and bark and moss with the

other. Suddenly a tongue of fire sprang out among the bunch of leaves in the split; for it was a "fire-stick," such as the black men carry on all their expeditions. In a moment more, the heap of dry fragments which he had gathered had been puffed and fanned into a blaze.

The fire danced up merrily, and the pleasant odor of kangaroo venison was soon spread through the hot December air, when suddenly they all turned their heads toward the forest, as if startled.

To the ears of a white man there would have been only silence, or that hum of insects, the murmur of the forest, which is almost silence; but to their quicker senses there came an audible warning. Faint and far away at first, but drawing rapidly nearer, were the sounds of the skirmish between Ka-kak-kia and his pursuers. It was a dreadful thing to have to drop cookery and kangaroo meat, and to pick up spears, and throw-sticks, and shields, and waddy-clubs, and tomahawks, and boomerangs, but there was no help for it. Each man stuck down his twig of meat so that it would cook while he was gone, caught up his heap of weapons, and darted away into the forest.

If there was reluctance to leave the fire, there was also cunning and caution in the manner of their advance toward the skirmish-line. The nearer they arrived, the clearer grew the shouts and yells, but the more silent they became; and more like snakes in the grass, or crouching, creeping wild animals, did they push on. They might possibly have continued to keep still until Ka-kak-kia could retreat among them, if it had not been for a rash forward rush made by one of the enemy. He made the mistake of displaying himself, and instantly the short, withered fellow who had scouted through the grass to find the boys, stepped out from behind a tree, and quivered a spear in the socket of his throw-stick. Then it sped. Down went the too reckless foeman, and all the secrecy of the arrival of

Ka-kak-kia's friends vanished in a wild storm of savage outcries on both sides.

There was no attempt made by either party at a hand-to-hand encounter. One side knew that it was altogether too weak in numbers, and wanted to get away, while the other did not know how large a majority it had, and was afraid to risk too much. So the queer skirmish of insulting shouts, and fierce gestures, and brandished spears raged among the trunks and bushes and underbrush, until a mile and a half had been slowly traversed. Nearly half the distance had been covered before the speared warrior fell. After that, spears and clubs went back and forth, and were in a manner exchanged; but both sides were experts in parrying, and nobody seemed to be hurt. There were, indeed, a few cuts and bruises here and there, but nothing that an Australian savage would consider worth noticing. Even the speared man seemed to care very little for the wound in his shoulder after the weapon had been broken off and pulled out. It was, doubtless, unpleasant to be disabled, but the shoulder would heal up again, and the man be as ready as ever to throw spears and dodge and parry. His friends felt as he did about it, and wasted no sympathy upon him.

Back, back, carefully concealing their real number, the smaller body fought and retreated toward their fire. Around the blaze the five sticks still stood, each holding out a steak, by this time well done, and ready to be eaten.

Both parties of blacks could now smell the fragrance from that wild cookery, for a light breeze wafted it into the woods, and they all fought the harder and yelled the louder. They shook their spears more furiously, and hurled them farther.

The skirmish, which had so unexpectedly begun with the first appearance of Ka-kak-kia on the trail, had now risen to the dignity of a great battle for a hot dinner; but the table-chances looked dark for the hunters who had actually stalked and killed the two kangaroos. They were forced to give ground, and when they did make a desperate charge toward the fire, it was too late for them to capture anything more than the fire and the very large, freshly killed kangaroo left behind, untouched, by

Ka-kak-kia's fellows. That, however, was precisely such a war-prize as suited them just then, better than anything else. Anybody, black or white, whom they might otherwise have chased and speared was entirely safe so long as an uneaten morsel of that kangaroo should remain.

Meanwhile, no one knew anything about the red-bearded cave-man. Yet he was a very important member of the meager population of that forest. He was, indeed, entirely unaware that there was any other population except such as might be following him through the mountains. He was as yet several miles away from his cave-home, and was plodding steadily nearer, but Nig was giving tokens that he had traveled far under a pretty heavy load. Just now, however, the cave-man seemed to be thinking about finding some halting-place.

"They are after me," he said aloud, "and not far behind now. The robbers! What would n't they do to get Nig's pack! They sha'n't get it, though. Not an ounce of it. I don't care to have to shoot any of them, but they ought to be shot. They're coming; I feel sure of it!"

Then he studied the trees near him, seeming to recognize certain marks upon some of them.

"I'm pretty close to it now," he said. "I'll beat them this time"; and a few minutes later he exclaimed, "Here it is!"

It was not another tree, but a swift, deep-looking stream of water, and he halted upon its bank. Off came the burden from the horse. The first part of it was a great cowhide, strung together at the edges with thongs, so as to make a pannier of it. It came down upon the grass, and was quickly ripped open. It had been a remarkably heavy pannier; much heavier than one strong man could lift. Its contents were a number of small bags, some of leather and some of canvas. He picked them up, one after another, and carefully dropped them into the water, a few feet out from the bank.

"It is only about two feet deep," he said, "but it will hide them."

As soon as this secret work was completed, he took off Nig's saddle and bridle, and led him some distance into the woods.

"I've got to move quickly," he said. "They are close behind me. There it is. Now!"

This time, what he was looking for and had found was a large tree, the upper half of which had somehow been knocked off, so that a vast stump was left, more than fifty feet high. At that elevation, moreover, its branches were enormous, and it seemed to send them out all the more widely because of having no higher "top" to feed and carry.

Saddle, and bridle, and rifle, and some other things were made into a pack, and that pack was securely fastened to one end of the same long, braided rope-cord with which he had pulled up his water-pail and lassoed the ostrich-like emu at the ledge near his cave. He put a stone at the other end, this time, instead of a noose; and then he skilfully threw that stone over one of the lower branches of the tremendous tree-stump.

"That's safe," he said. "I can haul them up. Come, Nig, old fellow!"

The horse, which had carried him and his treasure so well, had now enjoyed a long drink of water. He had thrown off much of his over-wearied appearance, and was busily nibbling grass. The bare feet of the cave-man left no mark, but Nig's hoofs did, when the horse was taken by the forelock and led away from the foot of the stump. He did not have to go far before he was turned loose and left to himself.

"There, Nig," said his master, "you may take care of yourself, for a while. I hope they won't steal you, but I suppose I have only a few minutes to spare, now."

Not far from the spot where he parted from his horse there hung a ragged and tangled but strong-looking kind of vine, dangling down from the limb of a tree, and he ran to it at once. He must have been a sailor or a monkey, or else he had taken lessons from sailors or monkeys—or from blackfellows. He clambered up that swinging vine with a swiftness which proved the strength of his arms. Once in the tree, he went from branch to branch with an agility like that of the black boy who was now a prisoner in Sir Frederick's camp.

There were dangerous feats to be performed, at perilous heights from the earth, before the cave-man was able to swing himself upon a

projecting bough of the great stump. In another minute he was astride of the branch which had caught and held his rope-cord, and he was pulling up his precious package, rifle and all.

"I'm safe enough, now," he exclaimed, as he clambered cautiously back with it to the huge remnant of the tree-trunk. "They won't guess that I am up here."

The summit of the stump was somewhat rotten, as well as broken off, and there was a hollow there more than six feet wide, and nearly as many deep. It was a capital place for a koala, or an eagle, or a runaway savage, to make a hidden nest in. The cave-man was neither the one nor the other, but there he sat, peering over the edge, when no less than six men on horseback rode up. As they came along, they seemed to be searching watchfully in all directions. They halted at the foot of the stump.

"His trail is plain," remarked one of them.

"These hoof-marks are fresh," replied another. "They lead along here. He is n't far away, now."

"We've got him!" exclaimed a third.

The tracks of Nig's heavy hoofs did indeed lead away from that tree, and on pushed the six horsemen; but in a minute or so they broke out into a chorus of astonished and angry exclamations. They had found the saddleless quadruped, feeding contentedly, while the master and his precious burden had mysteriously vanished. The clear trail which they had followed so far and so hopefully had at last run out; and back they came, bewildered, arguing, perspiring, to the foot of the stump. There they all dismounted and sat down.

"His hidin'-place is n't far from this, anyhow," remarked one of them. "He has quit his horse."

"Just so," said another, "and he can't get away from us. But what has he done with his nuggets?"

"They're somewhere nigh to this," said a third, confidently. "We're all right, boys. Let's take a good rest, and eat something. All the stuff he washed out of his placer-gulch is just waiting for us to hunt it up and take it."

They all said more or less about being tired and hungry. A fire was quickly kindled, and a kettle put upon it, in a way that showed how

accustomed they were to camping in the woods. More than half a hundred feet above their heads, the cave-man looked cautiously over, now and then, and he even chuckled almost aloud as he made remarks to himself concerning the perfect security of the manner in which he had hidden the heavy bags.

That part of the Australian bush was becoming somewhat peopled, although not exactly "settled." The area within which all its known inhabitants, black and white, savage and civilized, had been gathered, was very narrow, however—a mere patch in the great wilderness.

Perhaps the top and the bottom of human society were fairly represented around the campfires of Sir Frederick Parry and of the black chief Ka-kak-kia.

For a long time Hugh and Ned had been only too ready for supper, but it was getting late before they dared take the risk of halting to cook. They had mounted their horses, after setting out from the scene of the skirmish, but it would not do to ride fast, for heat and thirst and travel were telling upon the poor animals. The boys felt a pretty strong assurance that they were not being pursued, just now, and



"THE CAVE-MAN SAT THERE, PEERING OVER THE EDGE, WHEN SIX MEN ON HORSEBACK RODE UP."

They were near together, but were very much in the dark about one another. They might actually meet on the morrow, and every heart among them was beating with hope, or with dread, concerning that possible meeting.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE OF THE COFFEE-POT.

THERE were several very extraordinary picnics at the same hour and in the same forest. They were only a few miles apart from each other, but no one party knew anything about the others.

that they would not be until after the rival bands of blackfellows should have completely settled whatever difficulties there might be between them.

"I wish they'd exterminate each other," said Ned, as they rode along.

"That's what they'd like to do," said Hugh.

The more they thought and talked about savages, the more they also thought and talked about the excursion party from the Grampians, and of the danger into which it was likely to fall. The great, gloomy forest seemed to grow darker, as they shivered over the cruel idea of

an attack by cannibals upon the camp they had left. They felt blue and tired, and almost sick at heart.

At that moment Ned's horse uttered a low, faint whinny.

Hugh's horse replied to him a little more loudly, and they both walked onward with a quickened movement.

"I say, Ned," exclaimed Hugh, "do you suppose a horse could really sniff water, if we were getting near it?"

"I've heard that they could," said Ned. "Maybe it is so. Hark! Hurrah! Do you hear that?"

The sound which the boys now heard was a pleasant, musical murmur into which the roar of heavily falling water dwindled on being sifted and softened through a half mile of forest. Ned and Hugh were, indeed, going farther from the camp of Sir Frederick Parry with every step, but, at the same time, they were drawing nearer to a great bend of the same stream in which he had caught his fish.

The forest grew more open as the eager animals hurried forward; and the sound of the falling water became more distinct. It was not long before the boys broke out into husky cheers, that were followed by expressions of wonder. The mighty torrent plunged down a precipice of nearly a hundred feet, broken half-way by a projecting ledge, so that the water reached the tumbling pool below in a great storm of foam. There was a capital place, at the level edge of the great swirl, for a horse to put down his head, or for a boy to dip a cup, and they all made directly for that spot.

"Now," remarked Hugh, "I don't believe the blackfellows are after us. Let's make a fire and have supper."

Ned was already looking around and picking up dry wood. There was plenty of it. In a few minutes a fire was blazing, not far from the pool, and the tired horses, unsaddled, were picking at the grass, while their masters were broiling slices of fat and tender kangaroo venison.

Dinner, or supper, was over in the camp of Sir Frederick Parry, a few miles further down stream, and there was not one happy person in that camp.

VOL. XX.—18.

The white people were unhappy because: they did not know where they were; they did not know what had become of Ned and Hugh; they knew there were savages in the woods, and were uncertain what to do next.

The black boy was unhappy; chiefly because he was tied to a sapling near the water's edge, for fear he might get away and tell older black-fellows about the camp.

Yip and the other dogs were uneasy concerning the black boy, and they came frequently, as if to make sure that he was there.

"He cannot get away while they are watching him," said Sir Frederick.

"Of course he can't, sir," replied Bob McCracken, confidently.

But he had been tied by white men, and he was a bushboy. He seemed to be quiet enough, except his eyes, which were dancing in all directions. There came a moment, however, when his quick glances told him that no other eyes were upon him. He must already have been working at his cord fetters, for in a twinkling he was down flat upon the grass.

"Yip! Yip! Yip!" yelped the large, woolly dog, a few seconds later, as he came bounding across from the other side of the camp, followed by the two hounds.

"Where is that black boy?" suddenly shouted Marsh, the mule-driver.

"Where is he?" echoed Sir Frederick. "You don't mean he is loose?"

"He's gone!" roared Bob.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Lady Parry. "Now they will all know we are here! They will find the boys, too!"

"Aunt Maude!" said Helen, "we must hunt for them till we find them!"

There was a general rush to the spot where the black boy had been tied, but he was not there, and Yip and the hounds were snuffing furiously along the bank of the river.

"He's not in the water, sir," said Bob, as he and the rest stared eagerly out at every bubble on the surface.

There were not many bubbles to be seen, but a large tuft of grass and green leaves was floating down stream, not many yards below.

Sir Frederick dashed on along the bank, followed by his dogs and men, but they saw no

sign of any swimmer. They knew that even a black boy would have to come up to breathe; that is, if he were really under the water.

He did not have to come up to breathe, however, because he was up all the while, breathing as usual, but with grass over his face, just as all his people breathe when they swim out to catch black swans and other waterfowl by the legs and pull them under. The tuft of grass floated down until the dogs and men went away beyond it, and then it came ashore in some bushes. Soon, while the search along the bank continued, a poor little black boy, robbed by rich white men of his club and spear and all his other sticks, darted swiftly away into the forest.

Ka-kak-kia and his five friends, across the prairie beyond the tall cabbage-palm, were compelled to finish their dinner too quickly for comfort. But they knew, as well as if they had seen it, what the other band of blackfellows were doing. They knew they were roasting the other kangaroo, and it helped them decide what they themselves ought to do. While their enemies were roasting and eating so large a kangaroo, there would be time for them to escape entirely, and to follow the two horses and the two white fellows from whose trail their chief had been driven. They picked up their sticks and went off through the woods. They avoided the prairie, making a circuit around it; and before dark the short, thin, ugly-headed fellow, who had played scout at the beginning, uttered a sharp, fierce yell. He had found the hoof-marks of the horses, and Ned and Hugh once more had black enemies on their trail.

The bearded cave-man did not have any dinner to eat. He had nothing to do but to sit in the hollow of the big stump, and be patient.

It was a very remarkable hollow. Upon a more critical examination it showed proofs of having been partly scooped out by human hands. Fires had burned in it. There were even a few scattered bones, to prove that meat had been cooked by its occupants. There was really hiding-room in it for half a dozen men, if they did not mind being crowded somewhat when

it was time for sleeping. Its present tenant showed no signs of being sleepy, but rather of an intention to sit up all night.

The six men who were camped at the foot of the tree had not come upon so long an errand without making very complete provision for it. They did not intend to starve, if the loads carried by two led horses would feed them. They made coffee and they fried bacon, and they ate, and all the while they chatted freely concerning what they expected to find.

"You see, boys," said the man they called Jim, "a runaway convict dares n't ever show his face again. Besides, this chap's done a heap of things to answer for, since he took to the bush."

"Nobody 'll ever care what we do to him," remarked the man they called Bill.

"He had washed all the dust out of that gulch, though," said Jim; "and he won't ever come back to it."

"That 's so," said another; "but we know he's carried away all his nuggets out here. All we've got to do is to find them. We did make one pretty good haul out of his pile already."

"Come on, boys," exclaimed Bill, getting up as if that thought started him. "We can cast around a good deal before dark, and we can begin again fresh to-morrow."

They consulted for a minute or so as to how they should search, and then scattered among the woods in several directions.

"They have gone a-hunting after me, have they?" said the man in the tree up above them. "They are going to rob me, are they? Well now, I 'll see about that. Meanwhile I want some coffee."

The searchers were already out of sight, and they had left their big tin coffee-pot, more than half full, standing before the fire. There it stood, simmering pleasantly, and sending up a steamy odor of coffee to mingle with the resinous, balmy breath which pervaded the woods. It was now almost dark.

Something like a very long and slender and flexible vine came gently swinging down through the sultry air. This ropy thread drooped gently, and swung slowly back and forth until a noose at the end of it took in the comfortable coffee-pot, just under its nose and handle.

"I've got it!" came in a sharp whisper from a form that reached out over the top-most edge of the stump. "I've got it!"

The noose drew tight, and the coffee-pot arose as if it had been a kind of tin bird without wings; it swung upward swiftly, steadily, silently, until it reached the place from which that exultant whisper had come. Then it was grasped by the hand of the cave-man, and in half a minute more he was safe in his hollow, drinking hot coffee out of a small tin cup, which had hung at his belt.

"Good!" he said. "I wish I could fish up some of their bacon and hardtack, but I can't. I'll keep the coffee-pot and carry it home. Mine is about used up. There they come!"

The approach of dusk had put an end to the search, and the six rascals were making their way back to their camp.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"Hullo! Boys, what 's become o' the coffee-pot?"

Then five astonished voices, on all sides of him, inquired: "Why, where is it?"

High in the deepening darkness above them a man, peering over the edge of a tree-hollow, took a long, refreshing draft from a steaming tin cup, and said to himself, with a chuckle:

"It has walked away, coffee and all, you villains! Don't you wish you may get it again?"

Suddenly one of the men exclaimed:

"Blackfellows! Nobody else could ha' crep' in and taken it!"

"Blackfellows? We'll all be speared if we don't keep a sharp lookout!"

They talked it over with occasional shivers, as they mentioned spears and boomerangs; but when their talk was over their conclusion came from Jim.

"Boys," he said, "our only show is to shoot 'em if we find 'em."

All six agreed to that, but the man in the tree said to himself:

"The worst thing they could do! Just like their sort, though. Anyhow, I can't stay here; and it's dangerous climbing in the dark. I'll try it before the fire goes out."

There was as yet a good blaze, sending its glow quite a distance. Any one near the fire

could not see far into the forest, but one out in the gloom could profit by the firelight. The bearded cave-man now had his rifle slung at his back, so that his hands were free. His coil of rope-cord was hung over the rifle, and he crept slowly, carefully, out of his hiding-place, along the tree-limb.

"This is risky!" he muttered. "Sure death if I miss my hold, sure death if they catch a glimpse of me! I wish they'd made their camp somewhere else. Then I could wait until morning."

As it was, there seemed to be no help for it. On he crept, until that bough became small and began to bend. What if it should break? He had no help from the firelight, just there, and he groped anxiously out in the dark.

"I've got it!" he said. "Careful, now,—here goes!" and soon he was on a limb of another tree, and it was also bending.

It was a fearful undertaking, but he reached the trunk of that tree and went out on a limb in the opposite direction.

"This'll do," he muttered; "I won't try another change of trees. It can't be more than thirty or forty feet to the ground. The rest is easy."

It seemed to be so, to him, but it might have been difficult for most men. All he did was to seat himself firmly in a loop that he made at one end of the rope; put the rest of the rope over to the other side of the limb he was on, and gripe it hard; swing off and let himself down, hand over hand; reach the ground, and pull down the rope that remained. It was a regular sailor's-hitch performance, precisely as if that limb had been a yard of a ship. It landed him still dangerously near to the camp at the stump, where five men were now lying down while one was pacing slowly around as a sentinel.

Silently and swiftly the cave-man made his way from tree to tree, still guided for some time by the firelight. Here and there, as he groped his course, the forest was open enough for him to see the stars and the moonlight in the tree-tops.

"The stars tell me very nearly which way I'm going," he said to himself.

The five men who were lying on the ground

around the stump were as yet as wide awake as was their sentinel. Every now and then, one of them said something to his mates about coffee-pots, convicts, bushrangers, police, gold nuggets, wild blackfellows, boomerangs, and other matters, which seemed to be keeping him from going to sleep.

Ned Wentworth and Hugh Parry had not been lucky enough to secure a coffee-pot, and they were not where they could borrow one from any neighbor. In fact, they did not know that they had any neighbors.

"I wish I knew how that fight ended," said Hugh, "and what those blackfellows did afterward."

"They could n't all have been killed," replied Ned, as he put more wood on the fire. "I guess, though, they all had so much fight that they won't follow us in the dark. Sha'n't we keep watch, one at a time?"

"Of course," said Hugh. "I'll watch half

the night, and then I'll wake you and you can watch the other half."

"Sailor watches are better than that," said Ned. "It's nearly eight o'clock now. I'll keep guard till ten, then you watch till twelve. That will give us two-hour naps."

"All right," declared Hugh, and down he lay, just as if he expected to go to sleep; but his eyes remained wide open.

Two hours went by. The roar of the water began to have something drowsy in it. Ned sat at the foot of a tree with his double-barreled gun in his lap, and Hugh may have been almost dreaming. The fire had burned low. All seemed dull, still, peaceful, and safe, when suddenly both of the boys sprang to their feet, exclaiming:

"What's that?"

"Ready, Hugh!" sang out Ned, "Ready with your gun. Here they come!"

"Ready!" shouted Hugh. "Stand your ground, Ned! We must fight!"



"'READY!' SHOUTED HUGH. 'STAND YOUR GROUND, NED! WE MUST FIGHT!'"

(To be continued.)

THE LAMENT OF POLLY CLA:

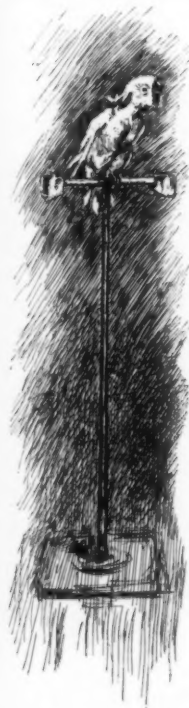
SHOWING HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT SHE PLUCKED OFF HER FEATHERS.

A Ballad of the Orient.

By H. J. H.

PART THE FIRST.

Wherein Polly Cla makes brief mention of the explorations of her Great Grandfather, and of the disastrous termination of his expedition, about the time of her birth, — giving also some episodes of her early life.



DEAR Edie, now I know
you well
And the discreetness
of your ways,
I have a confidence to
tell
Relating to my early
days.

Although, alas, you see
me now
All plucked and in
this sad condition,
You must not think that
I would bow
To any Polly for po-
sition.

My parents came of
noble stock,
Of pure white plume
and sulphur crest;
And I was early taught
to mock
And screech and chat-
ter from the nest.

My Great Grandfather, old Koko,
Once marshaled all his feathered bands,—
Some twenty score of beaks or so,—
To raid for fruit in foreign lands.

Away! Away! O'er Celebes
And where the cloves and spices grow,

Through pleasant groves of cocoa-trees
He led them on from Borneo.

With plantains and with mangoes sweet,
And nutmegs young by way of spice,
They had provision quite complete
(Without destroying growing rice).

But tamarinds and cocoanuts
That grow in plenty on the trees
Surrounding the Malayan huts,
They eat or ruined most of these.

And it is much to Koko's praise
That, safe from snares and cunning wiles,
He led them south for many days
Among the Australasian Isles.

In sooth he was a skilful chief,
And had his famous name to lose,
As well as—if they came to grief—
Four hundred crested cockatoos.

To Bali town he led them now,
And passed where lofty Lombok stood,
And 'neath Sumbawa's craggy brow
Down to the Isle of Sandalwood.

And then southeast o'er sea they passed,
And arid plains where water fails,
Till, wearied out with travel fast,
They reached the land of New South Wales.

But here they left their leader dead—
Black ruffians through the forest sprang:
Old Koko's crest was dyed with red,
Struck by the flying boomerang!

Oh! 't was a cruel sight to see
The shocking fate of Grandpapa!
That boomerang brought grief to me,
And trouble sore to dear Mama.



"STRUCK BY THE FLYING BOOMERANG."

She was not with the army, so
An aide-de-camp was soon despatched,
Who brought the news to Borneo
About the time that I was hatched.

I heard her screeches in the egg,—
How it could be I cannot tell,—
As, nestled warm beneath her leg,
Her cry of anguish pierced my shell.

The next thing that I recollect,
And that is painful to relate,
Ere I could barely stand erect,
A sad adventure sealed my fate.

Mama had gone to preen her crest
And get some breakfast for her dear,
When, looking up above the nest,
I saw a round black head appear.



"I SAW A ROUND BLACK HEAD APPEAR."

Two eager eyes were shining bright—
I well recall the look they wore;
With sudden hand he seized me tight,
That naughty little blackamore!

He took me to his dirty hut,
And clipt me lest I 'd fly away;
He gave me rice and cocoanut,
And tried to make me talk Malay.

I lived there till some Dyak men
Destruction to our village brought.
The sad events that happened then
Demand a little time for thought.

My shadow straight beneath my feet
Reminds me that the day is high.
With rest and—something nice to eat,
I might continue by and by.

PART THE SECOND.

Referring to the marriage of Polly Cla and the melancholy fate of her husband—with her resolve thereupon.

THE cruel Dyaks swept along,
Committing deeds of carnage dire,—
A savage band five hundred strong;
Our forest glades were red with fire!

I now was free—the hut was burned—
And all our people fled in haste;
Whichever way my gaze was turned,
The spoiled land was sad and waste!

The sweets of liberty, 't is said,
Excel the joys of pampered slaves;
But to be free and badly fed
Is only sweet to one who raves.

I struggled hard my food to win
Of blackened bits and odds and ends;
The cinder-heaps I found them in
Were once the houses of my friends.

My wings were stiff from want of use,
I flew with feeble flight and slow,
Which furnished me with some excuse
For further stay in Borneo.

But soon I left that hated shore
To wander free in southern lands,
Where loved to roam in years before
Old Koko and his raiding bands.

I wandered far, by fancy led;
My star was high, my heart was free;
I lost my heart when I was wed,
But got one back from Silver Bee.

Proudly he held his crested head,
He moved his well-curved beak with grace;
Two gentle eyes of ruby red
Shone radiant from his feathered face.

For twenty years my mate and I
Through sunlit pleasures wandered on—
Would I could lay me down and die;
The sunlight from my life has gone!

I care not to recount the doom
Which met at length poor Silver Bee:
A dreadful sentence, shaped in gloom,
Robbed me of him by Fate's decree.

My better senses from that hour
With his sweet spirit fled away;
Bereft of my linguistic power,
I even ceased to talk Malay!

The crystal sea, the tropic flowers,
The fragrance of the sunny grove,
The peace of calm, reposeful hours,
Soft visions of the isles I love

No more for me—but bitter hate
Enduring till my life be done,

Of those who slew my gentle mate
And left me in the world alone!

Those Isles were meant for cockatoos.
Black imps (whose ghosts may Allah slay!)
Came paddling round in bark canoes,
And stole our heritage away.*

As lovelorn maidens take the veil
For sorry solace of their woe,
I vowed to pluck my wings and tail,—
I vowed to let my freedom go!



From those bright scenes I loved so well
I hastened with the morning dew,
Alighting, ere the evening fell,
Where reigns the Sultan of Sulu.

There, reckless of myself and pride,
I plucked the feathers from my wings,†
Resolved to wait what might betide—
Chance oft decides the fate of kings.

* Although some allowance is to be made for Polly Cla's feelings at this point, her language at this point is not to be praised.

† The cautious historian, while admitting Polly Cla's narrative into his pages, thus far, may be excused for exercising discretion on the

subject referred to. Polly Cla may possibly have allowed her love of romance and a desire to excuse herself to lead her into a misstatement; for the bird-fancier tells me her bad habit is the result of too much rich food.

Now, how She ruled and what befell
Is naught to me while sorrow burns;
But if you care to hear me tell,
Wait till my gentler mood returns.

PART THE THIRD.

Which treats of Polly Cla's subsequent history and travels; of her arrival in Nagasaki, and some humiliating experiences there until her high station was at length fully recognized and fitting accommodation provided.

An aged man with bended head
Came to an open door to pray,
Bowed low, and with his hands outspread
Made reverence to the breaking day.

Sprung from Mohammed's chosen line,
His gaze was fixed, his prayer intent
To distant Mecca's sacred shrine,
To Allah and his Prophet sent.



"THEY SOLD ME FOR A GOOSE, ONE DAY, TO PORTUGUESE ANTONIO."

I SAT there, with the lonely moon
Slow traversing the rounded sky;
Damp breezes from the dark lagoon
Blew chiller as the day drew nigh.

When morning tinged the sky with gold,
There, shivering on the dewy ground,
Day broke on me, forlorn and cold,
With all my scattered feathers round.

His orisons performed, he
turned
And raised me with a
pitying eye.
May Allah grant this merit
earned
May serve him when he
comes to die!

He owned a dhow, with
thrifty toil,
That traded to this distant
post
And took back sandalwood
and oil,
And pilgrims for the Red
Sea coast.

The sea was high, the wind
was chill,
I watched the laughing
billows roll,—
They tossed us freely at
their will,
And in the region of
my—soul

I grew so sick I should
have died,
But passing close to
Singapore,
The pious Moslem lost a tide
To put a seasick bird ashore.

Now there I had not long to wait,
Because my journey to Japan
Was ordered by propitious Fate,
And by an honest sailorman.

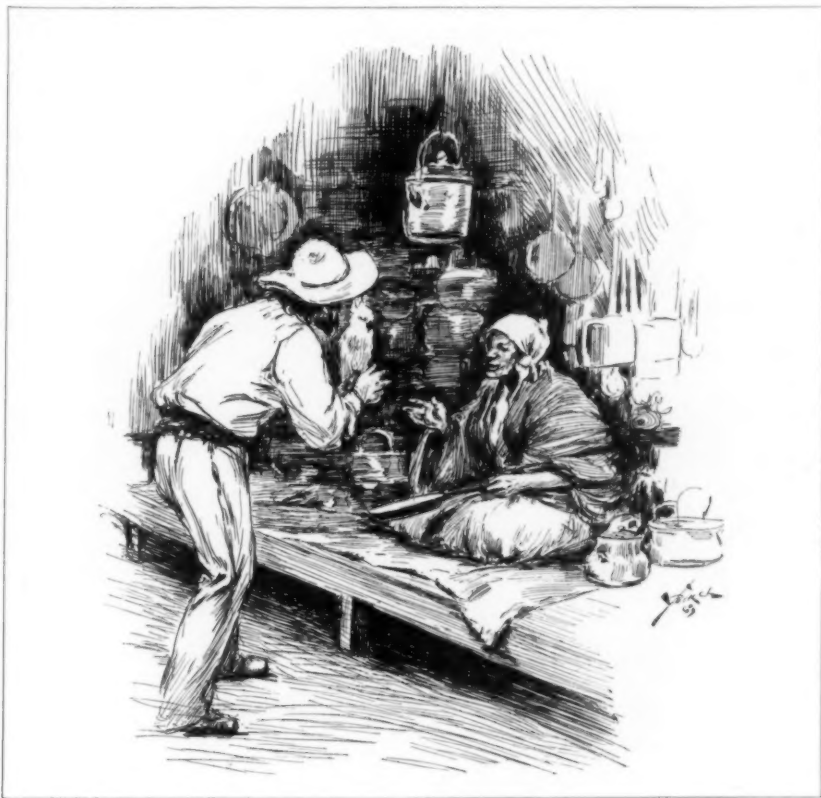
From him I learned your tongue to speak
And shout out, "Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurray!"
With outspread wings and open beak.
This charmed the tedium of the way.

We sailed with the southeast monsoon,
 Heaven favoring our little skiff,
 And on the thirteenth day at noon
 Passed Takaboka's noted cliff.

Anchored in Nagasaki Bay,
 My pride received a fatal blow:
 They sold me for a goose one day
 To Portuguese Antonio.

To change me for a frying pan,
 In barter with a native brown,
 Who worked in tin—a kindly man
 Of Nagasaki native town.

Near Deshima, where dwell the Dutch,
 He kept me hanging at his door;
 I pined within a rabbit-hutch,
 And plucked my feathers more and more!



"HE CHANGED ME FOR A FRYING-PAN."

With only rice to fill my crop,
 Chained by the leg, in grief profound,
 Behind Antonio's printing-shop
 My screeching woke the echoes round.

But soon, regretful of the goose,
 Antonio, bent on further trade,
 Found frivolous and mean excuse
 In the indignant cries I made,

The sultry days passed one by one,
 And I was little understood;
 The pleasant autumn had begun,
 When, passing by in thoughtful mood,

Your father, guessing my degree
 And hoping that my plumes would grow,
 For eight round dollars purchased me—
 The cockatoo of Borneo!

My pretty cage and bamboo stand,
This bungalow in which we dwell,
Though distant from my native land,
Beseem my high condition well.

I shall remember till I die
(For no one gave me food all day),
I thought I heard a kitten cry,
That sleeping on some pillows lay.

My wanderings and my tale are done;
I hope in peace to end my days
Where yours have happily begun
With winning smiles and pretty ways.

Learn, little maiden, from my wail,
The sorrows of a widowed life;
Ne'er listen to a lover's tale,
And never, never be a wife.



"LEARN, LITTLE MAIDEN, FROM MY WAIL,
THE SORROWS OF A WIDOWED LIFE."

Such creatures then were new to me.
I gave a soft, inquiring mew,
Uncertain what the thing could be —
That "kitten," Edie dear, was you!

Learn further — though with grief and smart
The journey of your life be past,
To those who keep a steadfast heart
A pleasant haven comes at last.

HOW JANET DID IT.

BY KATHARINE FESTETITS.

THEY had been out all the afternoon riding together about the ranch, Janet on her little thoroughbred chestnut, her father on his big red-roan. They were just thinking of turning homeward, when suddenly a great trampling sound, as of hundreds of hoofs, was heard behind them, and the whole vast herd of half wild cattle came plunging clumsily up the bank from the river-pasture, urged on by the mounted herdsmen, who were still out of sight below.

Janet's father started, and gave a quick glance of alarm over his shoulder: he had nothing with which to face the great, bellowing, stamping drove but his slender riding-whip. Janet's face grew white with terror. She crowded her little filly close up to her father's horse.

"Oh, Papa! They will be on us! They will trample us to death!" she cried.

Her father's lips were pale and set. "Watch me, Janet," he said in a low, stressful voice. "Do exactly as I do."

Then, straightening himself in his saddle and tightening his rein, he touched his horse with the whip, put him sharply at the gray adobe wall, which rose a few rods in front of them, and vaulted over in a flying leap.

Janet's heart stood still with dread. Death behind and death before threatened her in one wild flash of fear. She had been accustomed to riding ever since she could remember, but she had never dreamed of attempting a feat like this. Beyond that wall she knew a deep ditch lay. Could "Firefly" take them both? And could Janet hold her seat while the filly did it?

Thought is swifter than lightning. Even as that wild fear flashed through the child's mind, the answering assurance flashed back—"Papa knows!" and in the same instant she herself, braced firmly in her little Mexican saddle, the reins clutched tightly in her small fingers, was bounding over the wall, over the trench, and, in a moment, landing safe at her father's side,

with Firefly's slim black legs only quivering a little.

"Brava, my daughter! Brava, Firefly! Well done, both of you!" exclaimed her father, the color coming back to his face. "I knew you would follow if I led, and Jove! it was the only thing to do. Look at those beasts now, on the other side!"

Janet lifted her face from where she had hidden it against her father's arm, and looked. The whole inclosure seemed one cloud of flying hoofs, horns, and tails. She shuddered, and hid her eyes again upon her father's shoulder. He put his arm fondly around her.

"Why, you're not going to keep on being scared now it's all over!" he said with a laugh that was not quite steady. "Plucky little girl! good little girl!—to mind papa so! I never meant to give you such a neck-or-nothing jump for a first lesson; but now you'll never be afraid, and you shall go out with the hounds some day at papa's side, and the master of the hunt shall present you with the brush."

"Oh, papa! shall I?" cried Janet, looking up with a radiant face. "And ride with you everywhere, and not have to stay in the house so much with only Cousin Ann and Pepita? I get so tired of Cousin Ann and Pepita!"

Her father did not wonder much as he thought of the tall, prim, maiden lady who had consented to come out to the far Pacific slope to take charge of his widowed home, but who evidently had no affinity for children. Pepita, too, Janet's lazy little half-breed attendant, with a complexion like the bananas she was always munching, and great black eyes that seemed to make up half her face,—she, he knew, cared nothing for play, or for the long rambles about the ranch, in which her young mistress found pleasure. She liked nothing so well as to lie curled up on the grass in the shadow of a wall, and pull down great bunches

of purple grapes, holding her mouth wide open and letting the winy globes pop one by one into it. Dull companions both, he was well aware, for his all-alive little girl, but he did not know what better to do for her, and all he said now was, with a little laugh:

"Well, we must be getting back to the house, anyhow, or we shall be late for supper; and you know Cousin Ann does n't like us to be late for supper."

"There are so many things Cousin Ann does n't like!" said Janet, naively. "But come — we 'll have to go round the long

some time for the little girl. But not just yet — in another year, perhaps."

Meanwhile, Janet spent half her days in the saddle, riding over the wild country at her father's side, and coming to think no more of a flying leap over wall or ditch than he did himself. He had fulfilled his promise of taking her with him after the hounds, and Janet had had a royal time at first. She had been welcomed with merry surprise by the other huntsmen, had dashed off at the start as gaily as any of them, and kept the pace as bravely as the best huntsman of them all. The mad gallop over hill and



THE ESCAPE FROM THE STAMPÉDÉ.

way now, won't we? and for that, I 'll forgive the cattle. Come!" and touching her chestnut with her little whip, she cantered gaily off with a saucy challenge for a race.

Her father galloped after her, smiling, but in his heart he felt grave. He knew better than Janet how great was the peril they had escaped, and he was touched to the core by his little daughter's unquestioning trust in him. What a comfort, what a happiness, she was to him, now that her mother was gone! How could he bear to part with her, too? And yet he knew that he must, for her own sake: this wild, free, untutored life must come to an end

plain, the swift bound over hedge or branch, the mellow baying of the hounds, the shrill call of the horns, all made her tingle with joyous excitement, and brought the color to her cheek, the sparkle to her eye. It was glorious fun for a while; but presently, when Janet caught sight of the poor fox, hunted to his death, and taking to the open in desperation, — when she saw the savage dogs rush upon him as he labored along with gasping breath and piteous yelping, and heard them snarling and grinding their fangs, the little girl's cheek turned white; she felt fairly sick with horror and pity, and turning Firefly about, she rode away homeward so fast

that her father, half amused, half touched, could scarcely overtake her. Even the presentation of the "brush" by the master of the hounds could not restore her spirits; and Janet's first fox-hunt was her last.

Not a great while after this, Janet's father was summoned East on business, and, stimulated by Cousin Ann's frequently expressed disapproval of "such goings on for a girl," he brought himself to the point of deciding to take the child with him, meaning to leave her in the charge of his sister, who lived in a large city, to grow up with her cousins and learn the things a young lady ought to know. Janet did not quite know whether she wanted to go or not. She had been very happy in this wild, free life with her father; she did not like the idea of separation from him; but the thought of a long journey, of new places to see, of the wonders of a great city, and, above all, the prospect of being with other girls, stimulated her imagination, and promised all sorts of pleasurable possibilities.

Besides, papa wished it, and she was going with him; so when the time of departure arrived, she bade a cheerful good-by to the old life, and went off smilingly, with a promise to Cousin Ann to learn how to *walk* (hitherto that motion had been too dull for her), and to Pepita to bring her the biggest bead necklace she could find, when she came home.

Hard as it was to see her father return without her, she entered cheerfully upon the new life, and promptly fell in love with her aunt and every one of her cousins. There were four of these: Edith, a young lady already in society; Laura, who was to "come out" during the winter; Evelyn, about her own age; and Nan, some two years younger. Her aunt was not wealthy, but she lived well, in a handsome house, and saw a good deal of company; and each of the girls had her own set of young companions, who seemed to be coming and going constantly. Evelyn's little girl friends all called in due form upon the "cousin from the West"; and Janet, who had never made or received a call in her life, was very shy at first, and did not have much to say. But she listened so well, and looked so bright and interested in what the others were talking about,

that she was voted "a dear" from the beginning, and taken into things at once.

Her aunt gave a "pink luncheon" in her honor; other entertainments followed; she was taken here and there to "see the sights," and, altogether, the first week or two in her new home brought a succession of fresh delights to the little girl from the lonely ranch.

But when the time came for Janet to go to school, she did not find things so pleasant. It was not the confinement, though that was strange and irksome; it was not the lessons, though she had never been trained to study; but Janet was mortified to discover that she could not be placed in the class with Evelyn or her friends; that she did not know as much of arithmetic or grammar as even little Nan; and she was put to the blush every day by her ignorance of things that seemed to be quite familiar to other children.

At the house it was the same thing. All her cousins played some instrument, danced, drew, embroidered, chattered to each other in French or German. Janet could do none of these things, though she knew the seed-time and blossoming of every flower in her wilderness home, and could whistle like a lark amid the wheat. She could ride like a vaquero, run like a deer; but she had never learned her "steps," and to make a courtesy such as Evelyn's was an unknown art.

Janet presently began to think herself a very ignorant, insignificant little body, and the rueful thought came often that she need not have been quite such a little savage if she had been willing to learn even what Cousin Ann could have taught her.

"It serves me right," she said whimsically to herself; "and all I can do now is to go to work my very hardest to make up for lost time. For it is n't a bit pleasant to be unlike everybody else!"

She felt this specially when, about Christmas-time, everybody was busy with some pretty mysterious trifle, to be kept a great secret, while she could not so much as work an initial upon a handkerchief; and afterward still more, when the time for church fairs and all manner of undertakings for charitable purposes came in their turn.

The church which her aunt attended had started a plan for a free kindergarten and day-nursery to which poor working-women might bring their little children and leave them to be cared for while they were away at their daily labor. It was a beautiful charity, the salvation of helpless little ones from untold miseries, and the ladies of the congregation had taken it up enthusiastically.

All sorts of ways and means were devised for raising the necessary amount; everybody appeared to be suddenly busy in behalf of the new enterprise. All of Janet's cousins were working ardently for it. Edith was painting china; Laura practising for a parlor musical; Evelyn was embroidering a luncheon-set for a bazar; even little Nan, who had decided talent for declaiming, was to come forth upon a platform at a school entertainment, and recite "Robert o' Lincoln"; and she went about the house, chirping "Spink, spank, spink!" with an air of conscious importance.

Poor Janet! she could neither paint nor play, work art-stitches nor declaim. All she could do was to fight down certain very human little impulses of envy and jealousy, and show only a genuine and cordial interest in the performances of the others. Perhaps this was as great an achievement in the eyes of the angels, but Janet would never have thought of that to comfort

herself withal; and her poor little heart was sore within her many a time, when, because of her own ignorance, she found herself "left out in the cold."

Her aunt noticed one evening, coming in upon the group of girls laughing and chattering over their work, that the little stranger's eyes had a depressed and wistful look in them,



"THE COLONEL DREW OUT A SHINING DOUBLE EAGLE."

and the wish to give her a pleasure came into her mind.

"Come, Edith," she said, "it is time for you to get ready; and Janet, you may go and put your things on, too." Then, as the others opened their eyes wide, she added: "It is the evening of the 'Grand Equestrian Entertainment' at the riding-school, for the benefit of the kindergarten, you know, and I have taken two tickets. The riding-school is an old story to us, but it will be something new to Janet, so,

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as we were going in company with friends anyhow, you won't need me for a chaperon, Edith, and I think I 'll stay at home and let her go in my place. Would you like it, little girl?"

Janet looked up eagerly. The very word *riding* brought a vivid light to her face. How long it seemed since she had had a gallop with Firefly! How she would love to look in on Firefly in her stall this very minute, pat her silken neck, and give her a handful of sugar or a big Pampino apple! The tears wanted to come as she thought of her pretty comrade, feeling lonely, probably, like herself. She jumped up to hide them, and said quickly:

"Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Adelaide! I should love to go, and I 'll be ready in just a minute."

Half an hour later, when they had arrived at the riding-school, and the party with whom they came were going up to take their seats in the gallery, which was already crowded with spectators, Edith said to her cousin:

"Janet, if you like, you may stay down here with me instead of going up there with strangers. You can help me with my habit, and I think it will be better fun for you to be more in the midst of the riding."

"Oh, yes, it will, Edith!" said Janet, happy already at the mere sight of horses and riders again. Edith was one of the pupils of the academy, and was to be among the riders this evening. She went at once to the dressing-room to put on her habit, Janet with her, and when they came back, the great tan-covered ring was already dotted with equestrians, pacing their horses to and fro, and Edith's pretty sorrel mare was waiting for her at the entrance, in charge of a groom.

Janet watched her wistfully as she mounted and trotted off to join the others, and she looked on with curious interest when the exercises began. The sight of the beautiful horses, their sleek coats glistening, and the riders in their faultless habits putting them through their paces, set the child's heart to beating, and yet—"What mild little paces they are!" she could not help thinking. It seemed merely playing at riding, this ambling and cantering round and round a track as smooth as a carpet; and even when the exhibition of special feats began, the running and leaping over poles

or flags held across by attendants, the little ranch-maiden had to bite her lips to keep from smiling at the way in which the obstacle was lowered to make the jump easy while yet appearing difficult. She thought of her own wild gallops across country.

"Why, Firefly herself would laugh if she were here!" she thought merrily. "Bless her little heart! how I wish she were, and they 'd give me a chance to put her over a hurdle! She 'd show them something worthy of their shouts and clapping!"

For all the throng of spectators in the galleries seemed to think the feats of the young horsewomen something wonderful. They held their breath with real dread as one and another came cautiously up to the jump, and when safely landed on the other side, the loud bursts of applause rang to the very roof, the mamas and papas exchanged glances of pride, and threw bouquets down to their blushing daughters; while their young cavaliers, watching them admiringly from the doorways, gathered gallantly around the horses as they came trotting back, and overwhelmed the riders with compliments.

Janet, standing in the midst of a group at one of the entrances, looked on wondering and amused; and, presently, a little unconscious ripple of merriment broke from her lips at the excitement caused by a rather scrambling leap over what appeared to her a very modest little obstacle. Old Colonel Archer (the father of one of Edith's fellow-pupils), in whose charge Janet had been left, turned and looked at her with a twinkle of fun beneath his bushy gray eyebrows.

"Jumping made easy, you think, eh?" said he. "But could you do it any better yourself, my little miss?"

Janet colored at the abrupt inquiry, but—"I'm afraid I could, sir!" she answered whimsically.

The old gentleman looked at her curiously.

"Why," he said, "you are but a youngster. Do you know how to ride? Did you ever jump over a hurdle, for instance?"

"Not hurdles, exactly," answered Janet, innocently, "but fences, ditches, walls—anything that came in our way, when my papa and I

used to be out riding together. We live in the West, on a ranch, you know, when we are at home."

"Well!" exclaimed the colonel, much amused. "That's refreshing. Anything that came in their way, she says. Ha, ha! Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do, little Miss Di Vernon. This performance is one of your charitable affairs, I believe; we all want to do as much as we can for the good cause. Now, if you'll mount a horse and take a shy at that thing they're bringing in over there—do you see?"

Janet looked as he pointed toward the opposite entrance, where some men were bringing in a five-barred gate, some six feet high, and setting it up across the track.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, if you'll make your words good and take it clean, I'll give you this for your special contribution to the thingumbob." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a shining double eagle. "It came to me in the way of business to-day, and I hate to be bothered with gold coin. Now what do you say?"

Janet's heart gave a great leap. What? Could she truly help so much as that toward a home for the poor little helpless children? She, the good-for-nothing! She looked at the colonel with eyes that sparkled.

"Do you really mean it?" she cried. "Oh, if I might only have the chance!"

Just then her cousin came trotting up to them, and signed to a groom to take her horse.

"I'm going up to the dressing-room a minute, Janet," she said. "My hair is all tumbling down. You need n't come. The gentlemen are going to do some big jumping; you'll like to see it."

"There!" said the colonel, as the young lady gathered up her habit and tripped away. "There's your chance now. Take your cousin's horse."

His face and voice were full of mischievous meaning. Even the colonel's best friends said he was nothing but a grown-up boy, and when anything promised to amuse him, he was apt to forget everything else in the prospect of fun. And there was a touch of excitement which he liked in testing the pluck of this self-confident little maid.

"Come," he repeated, in a challenging tone. "Shall I put you up?"

Just at that moment there was a sudden movement of retreat among the groups that stood about the doorways, for a couple of horsemen, booted and spurred, came galloping along the course from the opposite side, speeding their steeds for the difficult leap. On they dashed, faster and faster, the spectators watching and holding their breath, till the goal was reached, when one of the horses deliberately turned tail and galloped back again, while the other went plunging over, neck or nothing, in a scrambling jump, sending the topmost bar rattling down in front of him, but landing safe on the farther side.

A great shout went up, half laughter, half applause; and Janet, turning breathlessly to the colonel, said:

"Oh, do you truly think Edith would n't mind? I do so want to earn that money!"

"Mind? No. Why should she?" was the reckless answer. "It won't hurt the mare; she has good blood in her. It won't hurt you, either; you see the rails are made loose on purpose so as to let you over anyhow if you happen to hit 'em!"

"But I *sha'n't* hit 'em!" said Janet, with a merry nod, and taking his word simply as she was wont to take her father's. "Put me up quick, please," she added.

The colonel promptly hollowed his hand; Janet touched her little foot to it, and sprang lightly into the saddle; a pat of the sorrel's arching neck, a coaxing word into the quivering ear, and away they went, Janet's long, wavy, dark hair fluttering out from beneath her scarlet "Tam o' Shanter" with the breeze of the flying motion.

The colonel suddenly felt his heart fail within him.

"What a madman I was to put such a child up to so crazy an undertaking!" he said to himself in dismay, staring desperately after horse and rider. "What—*what*, if anything should happen!"

Powerless now to help or hinder, he could only watch with the watching multitude, as the high-mettled mare, recognizing the touch of a practised hand, bounded onward like a deer,

quicken her pace as they reached the goal. Then a swift gathering of herself together in response to her rider's touch, a brave leap into the air, and over they went, clear and clean. The amazed questions flew from one to another around the eager throng, but none could answer. Even the riding-master came



"A BRAVE LEAP INTO THE AIR, AND OVER THEY WENT, CLEAR AND CLEAN."

the air, and over they went, clear and clean, landing lightly on the carpet of tan, amid a perfect pæan of applause.

"Who is it? Where did she come from? Such a mere child—and she is not even wearing a habit! What does it all mean?"

VOL. XX.—19.

forward in astonishment to meet the unknown little horsewoman.

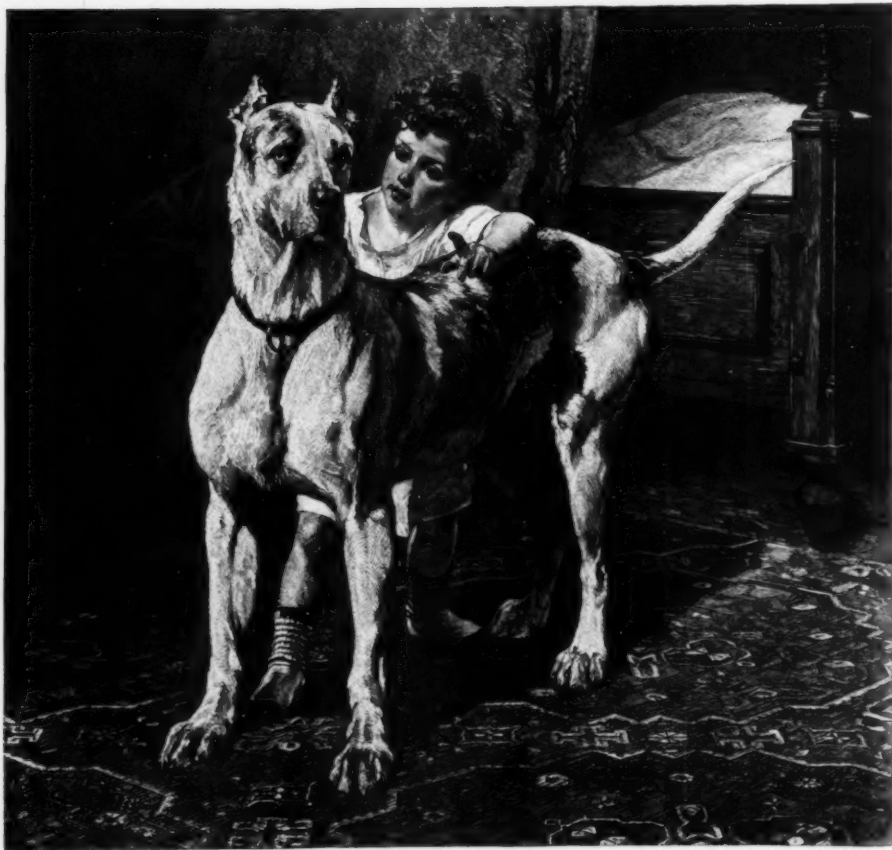
But the colonel was there, forcing his way round in breathless eagerness, to lift his little heroine from the saddle, to pour out in a torrent of eager words his relief and delight, and

to make whatever explanations might be necessary.

"Well!" he exclaimed, fairly snatching the happy child into his arms. "You *are* all right, are n't you?—no bones broken, nothing amiss! I tell you, I would n't live through what I've lived through the last two minutes, not for a million gold double-eagles! Here 's yours, though, you little trump, and I wish I knew

your father so I could beg his pardon for daring such a risk with his little daughter!"

"Oh, he would n't mind, sir!" said Janet, laughing. "I wish you would make it right, though, with Edith, sir. Here she comes, looking queer. I 'm half afraid I ought n't to have taken her horse without permission, but I can't help being glad I could do something toward the kindergarten!"



BOY AND HOUND. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY STEFFECK. BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.)

HOLLY-BERRY AND MISTLETOE.

(A Christmas Romance of 1492.)

BY M. CARRIE HYDE.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

V. A PLAN.

Back now they go, not slow, I trow,
The three black crows, and Mistletoe.

THE cave door closed on Ethelred and Chief Hardi-Hood; and Mistletoe turned homeward. She had seen much of importance in the last few moments, and she must lose no time in reaching Charlock-land again.

So thinking, she straightened her steeple-crowned hat, somewhat battered from its contact with the bushes among which she had been stooping, and hurried away in the direction the crows had taken.

Once there was a crackling in the bushes, that set her heart to beating for fear it was a Hardi-Hood in pursuit of her; but it proved a false alarm. Again, a man in leather roundabout and high top-boots cried, "What do you there?" as he passed through the wood some distance from her; but with her cane she stopped to poke the ground, as if in search of some rare root, and did not answer.

"T is well to be most cautious on an errand like mine," she whispered to herself, and she avoided the best-trodden path till the light of the full-faced moon showed her that she had reached the wood-cutter's cottage.

"We have had no luck robber-hunting, good Dame Mistletoe," said Jeannie, running to meet her. "No one can give us a single word of them. Canute is foot-sore, tramping over the country for them, and we know not what to do next."

"Leave it to me! Leave it to me!" responded Mistletoe, with a twinkle in her eye.

"That we will, forsooth," said Jeannie, quite satisfied; "t will not be the first time you have helped us to good luck."

The next morning, still earlier than before, Mistletoe was afoot. The distance no longer

seemed hard and long nor the path twisting and bramble-lined. On the king's highway, a carter gave her a ride beside him for several miles, so she was safely home and herself and her crows well fed before nightfall.

The days following Holly-berry's visit to Mistletoe had been doleful and wearing.

The last day had been particularly trying to the little jester. Three times he had helped staghound Thor to evade a hasty kick, and three times had he tried to console the fair Bertha, when he found her in tears.

It was therefore a relief to him when evening settled upon Charlock castle, and Sir Charles bade him begone, telling him not to darken the door again that night.

"No, my lord," responded Holly-berry; "I come not, unless I bring the moon under my arm"; which was then the saying for "I won't return till sent for."

Though a long, lonely way, the little jester betook himself to the three oaks—the moon, bigger and brighter than on his previous walk, lighted so clearly his track that he lost no time, even in the dense grove where the shadow-etchings crossed and recrossed each other most confusingly upon the snow.

"What news, Dame Mistletoe?" he asked, when he found her standing in her doorway, as if awaiting him. "Is all well, and did you find the Hardi-Hoods?"

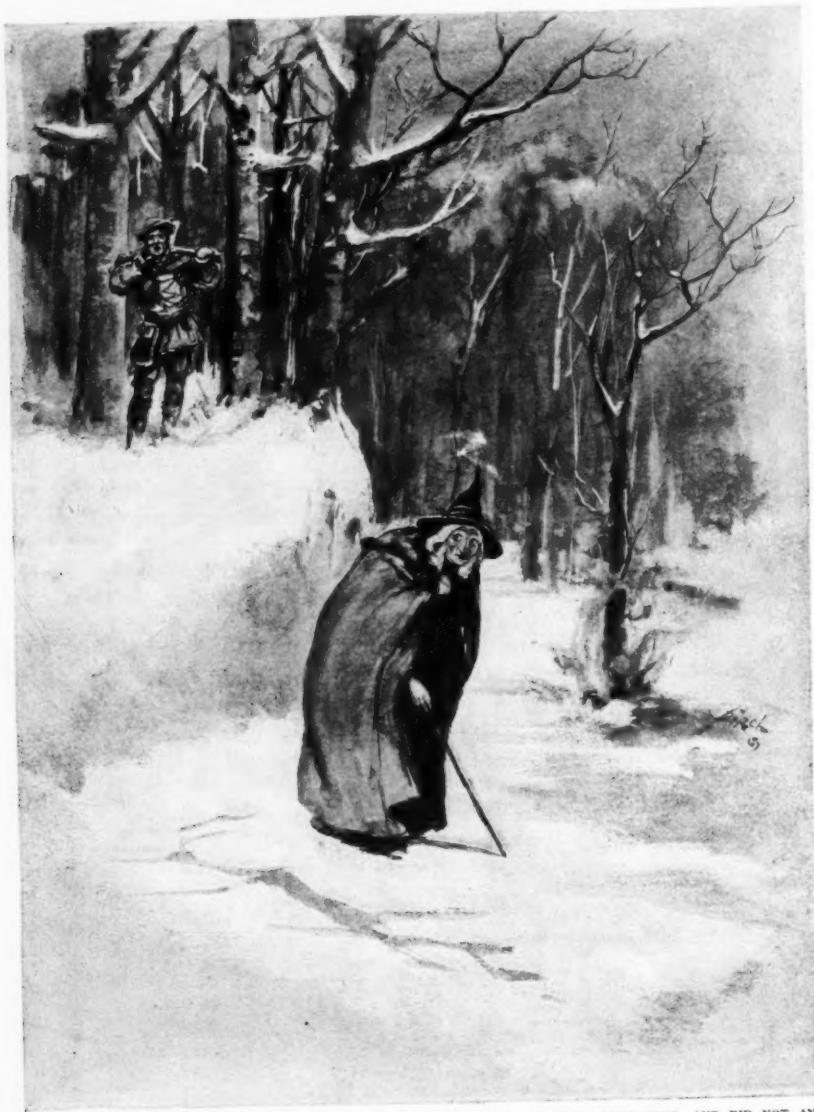
"Not so fast, good Holly," replied Mistletoe, conducting him to the bench before her fire; "but, then, 't is unkind to keep you in suspense. The Hardi-Hoods are on the Welsh side of England, in a fastness among the rocks. And the lad is with them, alive and well, as I espied when he followed the chief of these outlaws, who was about to skewer a crow with his arrow-burdened crossbow."

"How shall one know the place?" questioned Holly-berry.

"T is simple enough. Go due west, passing wood-cutter Canute's cottage, till one comes to three diverging paths; follow the mid one, though it is as rocky and seemingly untraveled

"The next question is, Who is to go there?" said Holly-berry, crossing his finger-tips like a judge. "Sir Charles has so weakened that—"

"Did you not once gossip to me of some love



"WITH HER CANE SHE STOPPED TO POKE THE GROUND, AS IF IN SEARCH OF SOME RARE ROOT, AND DID NOT ANSWER."

as the others. After many twists and turns, it brings one out upon the edge of a ravine. In this tree-bound hollow live the Hardi-Hoods."

"twixt Bertha and Count Egbert?" asked Mistletoe, interrupting Holly-berry.

"Truly," nodded the little jester.

"And did you not further gossip that a feud, long-ripened 'twixt their families, caused Sir Charles to vow mightily that none of his should marry a Traymore of Twin Towers?"

"Truly," said Holly-berry, again.

"Then," said Mistletoe, "as it grieves me sore to have an affair of true love go so awry, how would it do, think you, to lay the matter before Count Egbert? He deserveth not his name of 'sword-brightness,' I ween, if he cannot so try its sharp point upon these robbers that he shall win your Ethelred from them and restore him to his parents."

"And wed the fair Bertha," added Holly-berry, his bright eyes dancing; and this time he allowed himself a somersault.

"Go to, Holly-berry! That is far-fetched to the plan, and no answer," remonstrated Mistletoe. "What think you of it?"

"Think of it?" repeated Holly-berry, "'tis the very best that was e'er devised! Who shall be messenger to tell the count of this?"

"Who but fair Bertha, herself?—that is, I will send a request that shall bring him here to the three oaks, while you send maid Bertha on some pretext unexpectedly to meet him. It will be a pretty sight, the meeting of the two." And Mistletoe pictured to herself the scene.

"But he dares not set a foot in Charlock-land," demurred Holly-berry.

"Forsooth, Holly, what manner of Egbert carry you in mind?—a nilly-nad who dares not risk a little danger for his lady-love? Not so *this* Egbert. Persuade, then, the lady fair

to come here by eleven of the clock to-morrow morning, and Egbert will be awaiting. So hie you hence, without somersaults or other loss of time, to do your part."

Not at all affronted, the little jester made a deep bow, and was off like the wind—Thor, who had slyly followed him, capering and frisking at his heels.



"I WILL BE WITH HIM ERE FIVE MINUTES LEAVE US."

"Now, straight to fair Bertha," said Holly-berry to himself, as he reached Charlock castle; and, entering the broad hall by a side door, he tried to escape notice.

"By my halidom! you are tardy," said a retainer stationed in the hall. "Sir Charles has been calling for you high and low, vowing you shall be dismissed his service if you

cannot be at your post to make light his heavy spirits."

"Post, indeed!" said Holly-berry. "Make light his heavy spirits!" he repeated. "As if one were, in truth, to carry a moon under his arm! Post you to him," and here he shook his head at the retainer like a playful goat, thus setting his cap-bells into their merriest jingle—"post you to him post-haste, and tell him that though fair Luna could not come with me to-night, being much needed at home, I shall be with him ere five minutes leave us, and will so light his heavy spirits with a jolly tale that he shall shout with laughter!"

Skipping past the retainer, he scampered up the stairs and knocked daintily on the door of the apartments occupied by Bertha.

"Surely," she said to herself, "that dainty knocklet and bell-jingle belong to none other than Holly-berry. What wants the little rogue? He must have news to bring him where he has ne'er come before." Upon her calling, "Enter," the jester came in, made a fantastic bow, and seated himself upon a stool at her feet.

"Fair Bertha," he began at once, "I know more of your affairs for the next four minutes than it behooves me to e'er know again. At eleven of the clock to-morrow morning, wrap yourself warmly and hie you to the three oaks in the old grove. Ethelred is with the Hardi-Hoods, and can be rescued and brought away in safety if you will but meet the brave knight you will see under the three oaks, and tell him where to find the little lad."

Bertha raised her slim hands in astonishment, dropped the illuminated missal out of which she had been trying to spell some Latin comfort, and stared at Holly-berry.

"T is a secret?" she at length questioned.

"The same," said Holly-berry, springing to his feet, and bowing so low that his pointed cap touched the floor.

"No one must know that I go, nor why I go?" she questioned.

"The same," he repeated, gallantly bowing.

"How can I direct this valiant knight to a place I know not of?" she next asked.

"The recipe is easily given. He must go west, by the highway, till he comes to a stile and mile-stone, in mid England; thence, still

keeping to the westward, upon a narrow path till he has passed wood-cutter Canute's cottage, and come to where his path divides in three. Of these the midmost one, after many rough crooks and turns, brings him upon the edge of the ravine in which dwell these Hardi-Hoods. What then to do he will see for himself once he is there."

Bertha shivered, but she said, "Thank you, kind Holly-berry, I will go."

"And I will go," said the jester, hurrying from the room, and entering Sir Charles's presence with a bit of tumbling just as the last of the five minutes he had allowed himself was expiring.

Soon, by some chicanery known to the jester's art, Sir Charles was set to laughing louder and louder, as he caught Holly-berry's merry spirit, and listened to his clever jokes.

"By my faith," said he, "I know not why I am so merry, my jolly jester-berry, but there is a feeling upon me that the little lad will yet be found, alive and well. What think you?"

"The same," said Holly-berry.

VI. UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Through valor two are oft made one;
Through valor too, is oft maid won.

No sooner had Holly-berry disappeared than Bertha found her heart fluttering with more hope and expectation than she could account for. It gave to her cheeks a dash of color that had not been there since the day Egbert was driven from Charlock castle, and threatened with quick death or the dungeon for life if he but set foot within the premises again.

That was three months ago, and Bertha had not seen Egbert since, nor heard from him.

Impatiently she awaited the next morning. At the time set, she put a long cloak over her trailing gown, a hood over her fair hair, and going down a back stair, was through the door and on her way to the three oaks without having attracted notice.

As she entered the grove, she followed the snow path Holly-berry had worn, and coming at last to a little opening in the tangled growth of the trees' low, wide branches, she saw Count Egbert pacing back and forth near the three

oaks, a look of impatient expectation upon his face.

He was a goodly knight and well-looking. He wore a suit of fine-linked armor, over which was a scarlet tabard embroidered in querls of gold. The Traymore arms, a jessant lion, were worked skilfully upon his breast, while a handsome mantle of silver-fox swung from his shoulders, partly making up for the lack of warmth in the low-throated, short-sleeved tabard. His head-piece was an open helmet, over which a scarlet feather nodded or tossed to and fro in the playful breeze.

"Bertha!" he exclaimed, looking up suddenly. "By my troth, this is wondrous kind! I was expecting something, but not *this*!" and going toward her, he greeted her as reverently as if she had dropped from the sky. "You show trouble,—nor is it to be wondered at. Time goes hard with you and me; yet patience! and it shall all come right at last, if my sword is long and strong enough."

"What mean you, Egbert?" she asked quickly. "Surely you would not war upon my father?"

"No; if you wish it not; but my sword can scarce stay within its sheath, so anxious is it to use its steel tongue in our cause"; and as he spoke, forgetful of his first advice to patience, he half drew the blade from its scabbard.

"A truce to family feuds three hundred

years ago!" he cried. "What have they to do with you and me, Bertha? I disdain such silliness!"

"Your sword shall yet be a peacemaker, Egbert," said Bertha, brightening. "Listen that I may tell you *how*."

In a few words she told him of Ethelred's loss, of how to find him in the Hardi-Hoods' stronghold, and even discussed how he might then be rescued.

"Truly, Bertha, the task, as you call it, is but pleasure; I will off at once, that no more time be lost. Say naught to your father of this, and worry not, but by Christmas Day, only two days away, have all in readiness for the usual merry-making. I shall surely come, and with me the little lad, both safe and sound." Pulling from the oak-branch above him a sprig of mistletoe, he gave it to her as a parting keepsake.

Egbert escorted her to the edge of the grove, and, wishing him God-speed, she watched him spring upon his horse, that was neighing in impatience to be off. Soon he was out of sight,—at a speed equal to that of the robber Hardi-Hood with Ethelred, and, like him, over stones, sticks, hedges, bushes,—whatever lay in his way, till safe beyond Sir Charles's land.

"Caw, caw, caw!" cried three black crows, as they caught from far above the tops of the trees a bird's-eye view of the knight.

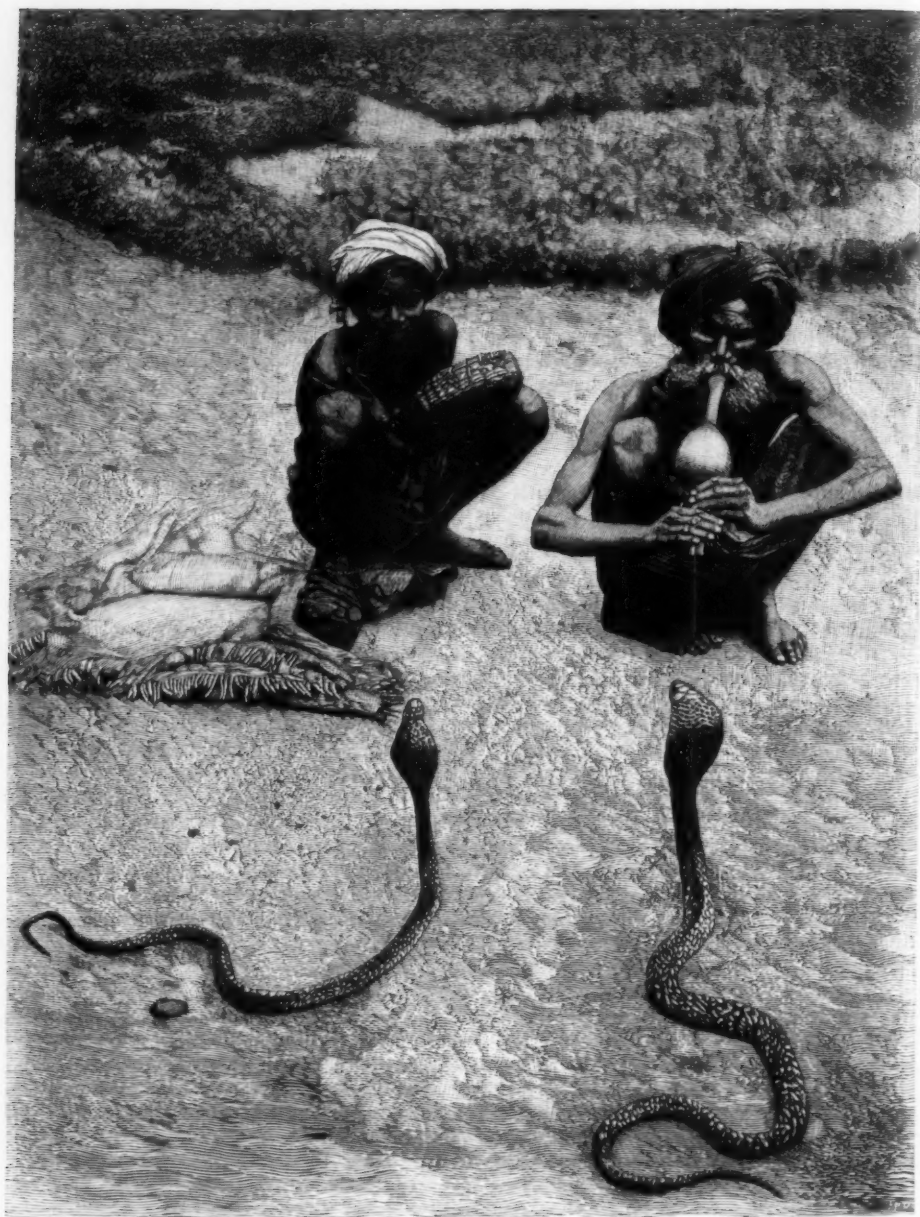
(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT CRIED.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

ONCE the Little Girl that Cried,
Looking through her tears, espied
Lovely motes of colored light
In the fringes of her eye—
Just as when the weather clears,
And the clouds are put to flight,

There 's a rainbow in the sky.
And the Little Girl that Cried,
When she saw this lovely sight,—
This fine rainbow in her tears,—
Would forget the reason why
She had thought it best to cry.



Snake-charmers of Ceylon, with cobras.

Engraved for St. Nicholas, from a photograph. (By permission of Mr. S. Ellwood May.)
(See page 316.)

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POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

HARD TIMES.

THE new arrangement worked exceedingly well.

As to Edgar's innermost personal feelings no one is qualified to speak with any authority. Whether he experienced a change of heart, vowed better things, prayed to be delivered from temptation, or simply decided to turn over a new leaf, no one knows; the principal fact in his life at this period seems to have been an unprecedented lack of time for any great foolishness.

Certain unpleasant things had transpired on that eventful Friday night when he had missed his appointment with his fellow-students, which had resulted in an open scandal too disagreeable to be passed over by the college authorities; and the redoubtable Tony had been returned with thanks to his fond parents in Mendocino County.

Edgar Noble was not too blind to see the happy chance that interfered with his presence on that occasion, and was sensible enough to realize that, had he been implicated in the least degree (he scorned the possibility of his taking any active part in such proceedings), he would probably have shared Tony's fate.

Existence was wearing a particularly dismal aspect on that afternoon when Edgar had met Polly Oliver in the Berkeley woods. He felt "nagged," injured, blue, out of sorts with fate. He had not done anything very bad, he said to himself,—at least, nothing half as bad as lots of other fellows,—and yet everybody frowned on him. His father had, in his opinion, been unnecessarily severe; while his mother and sister had wept over him (by letter) as if he were a thief and a forger, instead of a fellow who was

simply having a "little fling." He was annoyed at the conduct of Scott Burton, "king of snobs and prigs," he named him, who had taken it upon himself to inform Philip Noble of his (Edgar's) own personal affairs; and he was enraged at being preached at by that said younger brother.

But of late everything had taken an upward turn, and existence turned a smiling face toward him by way of variety. He had passed his examinations (most unexpectedly to himself) with a respectable percentage to spare. There was a time when he would have been ashamed of this meager result. He was now, just a little, but the feeling was somewhat submerged in his gratitude at having "squeaked through" at all.

A certain inspired Professor Hope, who wondered what effect encouragement would have on a fellow who did n't deserve any, but might possibly need it, came up to him after recitations one day, and said:

"Noble, I want to congratulate you on your papers in history and physics. They show signal ability. There is a plentiful lack of study evinced, but no want of grasp or power. You have talents that ought to put you among the first three men in the University, sir. I do not know whether you care to take the trouble to win such a place (it is a good deal of trouble), but you can win it if you want it. That's all I have to say, Noble. Good morning!"

This unlooked-for speech fell like balm on Edgar's wounded self-respect, and made him hold his head higher for a week; and, naturally, while his head occupied this elevated position, he was obliged to live up to it. He also felt obliged to make an effort, rather reluctantly, to maintain some decent standing in the classes of Professor Hope, even if he shirked in all the rest.

And now life, on the whole, was very pleasant save for one carking care that perched on his shoulder by day and sat on his eyelids at night; though he could not flatter himself that he was absolutely a free agent.

After all ordinary engagements of concerts, theaters, lectures, or what not, he entered the house undisturbed, and noiselessly sought his couch. But one night, when he ventured to stay out till after midnight, just as he was stealing in softly, Mrs. Oliver's gentle voice came from the head of the stairs, saying "Good night, Edgar; the lamp is lighted in your room!"

Edgar closed his door and sat down disconsolately on the bed, cane in hand, hat on the back of his head. The fire had burned to a few glowing coals; his slippers lay on the hearth, and his Christmas "easy jacket" hung over the back of his great arm-chair; his books lay open under the student-lamp, and there were two vases of fresh flowers in the room: that was Polly's doing.

"Mrs. Oliver was awake and listening for me; worrying about me, probably; I dare say she thought I'd been waylaid by bandits," he muttered discontentedly. "I might as well live in the Young Women's Christian Association! I can't get mad with an angel, but I did n't intend being one myself!"

But all the rest was perfect; and his chief chums envied him after they had spent an evening with the Olivers. Polly and he had ceased to quarrel, and were on good, frank, friendly terms. "She is no end of fun," he would have told you; "has no nonsensical young-lady airs about her, is always ready for sport, sings all kinds of songs from grave to gay, knows a good joke when you tell one, and keeps a fellow up to the mark as well as a maiden aunt."

All this was delightful to everybody concerned. Meanwhile the household affairs were as troublesome as they could well be. Mrs. Oliver developed more serious symptoms, and Dr. George asked the San Francisco physician to call to see her twice a week at least. The San Francisco physician thought "a year at Carlsbad, and a year in Nice, would be a good thing"; but, failing these, he ordered copious quantities of expensive drugs, and the

reserve fund shrank, though the precious three hundred and twelve dollars was almost intact.

Poor Mrs. Chadwick sent tearful monthly letters, accompanied by checks of fifty to sixty-five dollars. One of the boarders had died; two had gone away; the season was poor; Ah Foy had returned to China; Mr. Greenwood was difficult about his meals; the roof leaked; provisions were dear; Mrs. Holmes in the next block had decided to take boarders; Eastern people were grumbling at the weather, saying it was not at all as reported in the guide-books; real-estate and rents were very low; she hoped to be able to do better next month; and she was Mrs. Oliver's "affectionate Clementine Churchill Chadwick."

Polly had held a consultation with the principal of her school, who had assured her that as she was so well in advance of her class, she could be promoted with them the next term, if she desired. Accordingly, she left school in order to be more with her mother, and as she studied with Edgar in the evening, she really lost nothing.

Mrs. Howe remitted four dollars from the monthly rent, in consideration of Spanish lessons given to her eldest daughter, who was studying for a certificate to teach in the Cosmopolitan School. This experiment proved a success, and Polly next accepted an offer to come three times a week to the house of a certain Mrs. Baer at North Beach, to amuse (instructively) the four little Baer cubs, while the mother Baer wrote a "History of the Dress-reform Movement in English-speaking Nations."

For this service Polly was paid ten dollars a month in gold coin, while the amount of spiritual wealth which she amassed could not possibly be estimated in dollars and cents. The ten dollars was very useful, for it procured the services of a kind, strong woman, who came on these three afternoons of Polly's absence, put the entire house in order, did the mending, rubbed Mrs. Oliver's tired back, and brushed her hair until she fell asleep.

So Polly assisted in keeping the wolf from the door, and her sacrifices watered her young heart and kept it tender. "Money may always

be a beautiful thing. It is we who make it grimy."

Edgar shared in the business conferences now. He had gone into convulsions of mirth over Polly's system of accounts, and insisted, much against her will, in teaching her book-keeping, striving to convince her that the cash could be kept in a single box, and the accounts separated in a book.

These lessons were merry occasions, for there was a conspicuous cavity in Polly's brain where the faculty for mathematics should have been.

"Your imbecility is so unusual that it's a positive inspiration," Edgar would say. "It is n't like any ordinary stupidity; there does n't seem to be any bottom to it, you know; it's abnormal, it's fascinating, Polly!"

Polly glowed under this unstinted praise. "I am glad you like it," she said. "I always like to have a thing first-class of its kind, though I can't pride myself that it compares with your Spanish accent, Edgar—that stands absolutely alone and unapproachable for badness. I don't worry about my mathematical stupidity a bit since I read Dr. Holmes, who says that 'everybody has an idiotic area in his mind.'"

There had been very little bookkeeping to-night. It was raining in torrents. Mrs. Oliver was talking with General M—in the parlor, while Edgar and Polly were studying in the dining-room.

Polly put down her book and leaned back in her chair. It had been a hard day, and it was very discouraging that a New Year should come to one's door laden with vexations and anxieties, when everybody naturally expected New Years to be happy, through January and February at least.

"Edgar," she sighed plaintively, "I find that this is a very difficult world to live in, sometimes."

Edgar looked up from his book, and glanced at her as she lay back with closed eyes in the Chinese lounging-chair. She was so pale, so tired, and so very, very pretty just then, her hair falling in bright confusion round her face, her whole figure relaxed with weariness, and her lips trembling a little, as if she would like to cry if she dared.

"What's the matter, pretty Poll?"

"Nothing specially new. The Baer cubs were naughty as little demons to-day. One of them had a birthday-party yesterday, with four kinds of frosted cake. Mrs. Baer's system of management is n't like mine, and until I convince the children I mean what I say, they give me the benefit of the doubt. The Baer place is so large that Mrs. Baer never knows where disobedience may occur, and that she may be saved steps she keeps one of Mr. Baer's old slippers on the front porch, one in the carriage-house, one in the arbor, one in the nursery, and one under the rose hedge at the front gate. She showed me all these haunts, and told me to make myself thoroughly at home. I felt tempted to-day, but I resisted."

"You are working too hard, Polly. I propose we do something about Mrs. Chadwick. You are bearing all the brunt of other people's faults and blunders."

"But, Edgar, everything is so mixed: Mrs. Chadwick's year of lease is n't over; I suppose she cannot be turned out by main force, and if we should ask her to leave the house it might go unrented for a month or two, and the loss of that money might be as much as the loss of ten or fifteen dollars a month for the rest of the year. I could complain of her to Dr. George, but there again I am in trouble. If he knew that we are in difficulties, he would offer to lend us money in an instant, and that would make mama ill, I am sure; for we are under all sorts of obligations to him now, for kindnesses that can never be repaid. Then, too, he advised us not to let Mrs. Chadwick have the house. He said that she had n't energy enough to succeed; but mama was so sorry for her, and so determined to give her a chance, that she persisted in letting her have it. We shall have to move into a cheaper flat, by and by, for I've tried every other method of economizing for fear of making mama worse with the commotion of moving."

CHAPTER X.

EDGAR GOES TO CONFESSION.

"I'M afraid I make it harder, Polly, and you and your mother must be frank with me,

and turn me out of the Garden of Eden the first moment I become a nuisance. Will you promise?"

"You are a help to us, Edgar; we told you so the other night. We could n't have Yung Lee unless you lived with us, and I could n't earn any money if I had to do all the house-work."

"I'd like to be a help, but I'm so helpless!"

what the Nobles had told them, that he was in danger of falling behind his class. This, they judged, was a contingency no longer to be feared; as various remarks dropped by the students who visited the house, and sundry bits of information contributed by Edgar himself, in sudden bursts of high spirits, convinced them that he was regaining his old rank, and certainly his old ambition.



"EDGAR LOOKED UP FROM HIS BOOK, AND GLANCED AT HER AS SHE LAY BACK WITH CLOSED EYES IN THE LOUNGING-CHAIR."

"We are all poor together just now, and that makes it easier."

"I am worse than poor!" Edgar declared.

"What can be worse than being poor?" asked Polly, with a sigh drawn from the depths of her boots.

"To be in debt," said Edgar, who had not the slightest intention of making this remark when he opened his lips.

Now the Olivers had only the merest notion of Edgar's college troubles; they knew simply

"To be in debt," repeated Edgar, doggedly, "and to see no possible way out of it. Polly, I'm in a peck of trouble! I've lost money, and I'm at my wit's end to get straight again!"

"Lost money? How much? Do you mean that you lost your pocket-book?"

"No, no; not in that way."

"You mean that you spent it," said Polly. "You mean you overdraw your allowance."

"Of course I did. Good gracious! Polly, there are other ways of losing money than by

dropping it in the road. I believe girls don't know anything more about the world than what the geography tells them—that it's a round globe like a ball or an orange!"

"Don't be impolite. The less they know about the old world the better they get on, I dare say. Your colossal fund of worldly knowledge does n't seem to make you very happy, just now. How could you lose money, I ask? You're nothing but a student, and you are not in any business, are you?"

"Yes, I am in business, and pretty bad business it is, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've been winding myself up into a hard knot, the last six months, and the more I try to disentangle myself, the worse the thing gets. My allowance is n't half enough; nobody but a miser could live on it. I've been unlucky, too. I bought a dog, and some one poisoned him before I could sell him; then I lamed a horse from the livery-stable, and had to pay damages; and so it went. The fellows all kept lending me money, rather than let me stay out of the little club suppers, and since I've shut down on expensive gaieties they've gone back on me, and all want their money at once; so does the livery-stable keeper, and the owner of the dog, and a dozen other individuals: in fact, the debtors' prison yawns before me."

"Upon my word, I'm ashamed of you!" said Polly, with considerable heat. "To waste money in that way, when you knew perfectly well you could n't afford it, was—well, it was downright dishonest, that's what it was! To hear you talk about dogs, and lame horses, and club suppers, anybody would suppose you were a sporting man! Pray, what else do they do in that charming college set of yours?"

"I might have known you would take that tone, but I did n't, somehow. I told you just because I thought you were the one girl in a thousand who would understand and advise a fellow when he knows he's made a fool of himself and acted like a cur! I did n't suppose you would call hard names, and be so unsympathizing, after all we have gone through together!"

"I'm not!—I did n't!—I won't do it

again!" said Polly, incoherently, as she took a straight chair, planted her elbows on the table, and leaned her chin in her two palms. "Now, let's talk about it. How much is it?"

"Over a hundred and fifty dollars! Don't shudder so provokingly, Polly; that's a mere bagatelle for a college man, but I know it's a good deal for me—a good deal more than I know how to get, at all events."

"Where is the debtors' prison?" asked Polly in an awe-struck whisper.

"Oh, there is n't any such thing! I was only chaffing; but, of course, the men to whom I am in debt can apply to father, and get me in a regular mess. I've pawned my watch to stave one of them off. You see, Polly, I would write and tell father everything, and ask him for the money, but circumstances conspire just at this time to make it impossible. You know father bought that great ranch in Ventura County with Albert Harding of New York. Harding has died insolvent, and father has to make certain payments or lose control of a valuable property. It's going to make him a rich man some time, but for a year or two we shall have to count every penny. Of course the fruit crop this season was the worst in ten years, and of course there has been a frost this winter, the only severe one within the memory of the oldest inhabitant,—that's the way it always is,—and there I am! I suppose you despise me, Polly?"

"Yes, I do!" (hotly)—"no, I don't altogether, and I'm not good enough myself to be able to despise people. Besides, you are not a despicable boy. You were born manly and generous and true-hearted, and these hateful things that you have been doing are not a part of your nature a bit; but I'm ashamed of you for yielding to bad impulses when you have so many good ones, and—oh dear!—I do that very same thing myself. But how could you, *you*, Edgar Noble, take that evil-eyed, fat-nosed, common Tony Selling for a friend? I wonder at you!"

"He is n't so bad in some ways. I owe him eighty dollars of that money, and he says he'll give me six months to pay it."

"I'm glad he has some small virtues," Polly replied witheringly. "Now, what can we do,

Edgar? Let us think. What can, what *can* we do?" and she leaned forward reflectively, clasping her knee with her hands and wrinkling her brow with intense thought.

That little "we" fell on Edgar's loneliness of spirit consolingly; for it adds a new pang to self-distrust when righteous people withdraw from one in utter disdain, even if they are "only girls" who know little of a boy's temptations.

"If you can save a little each month out of your allowance, Edgar," said Polly, finally, with a brighter look, "I can spare fifty dollars of our money, and you may pay it back as you can. We are not likely to need it for several months, and your father and mother will not care to be troubled with this matter, now that it's over and done with."

The blood rushed to Edgar's face as he replied stiffly: "I may be selfish and recklessly extravagant, but I don't borrow money from girls. If you wanted to add the last touch to my shame, you've done it. Don't you suppose I have eyes, Polly Oliver? Don't you suppose I've hated myself ever since I came under this roof, when I have seen the way you worked and planned and plotted and saved and denied yourself? Don't you suppose I've looked at you twenty times a day, and said to myself, 'You miserable, selfish puppy, getting yourself and everybody who cares for you into trouble, just look at that girl and be ashamed of yourself down to the ground!' And now you offer to lend me money! Oh, Polly, I would n't have believed it of you!"

Polly felt convicted of sin, although she was not very clear as to the reason. "Your mother has been a very good friend to us, Edgar; why should n't we help you a little, just for once? Now let us go in to see mama, and we can talk it over."

"If you pity me, Polly, don't tell her; I could not bear to have that saint upon earth worried over my troubles; it was mean enough to add a feather's weight to yours."

"Well, we won't do it, then," said Polly, with maternal kindness in her tone. "We'll find some other way out of the trouble; but boys are such an anxiety! Do you think, Edgar, that you have reformed?"

"Bless your soul! I've kept within my allow-

ance for two or three months. As Susan Nipper says, 'I may be a camel, but I'm not a dromedary!' When I found out where I was, I stopped; I had to stop and I knew it. I'm all right now, thanks to—several things. In fact, I've acquired a kind of appetite for behaving myself now, and if the rascally debts were only out of the way, I should be the happiest fellow in the universe."

"You cannot apply to your father, so there is only one thing to do—that is, to earn the money."

"But how, when I'm in college three fourths of the day?"

"I don't know," said Polly, hopelessly. "I can tell you what to do, but not how to do it: I'm nothing but a miserable girl."

"I must stay in college, and I must dig and make up for lost time; so most of my evenings will be occupied."

"You must put all your 'musts' together," said Polly, decisively, "and then build a bridge over them, or tunnel through them, or span them with an arch. We'll keep thinking about it, and I'm sure something will turn up; I'm not discouraged a bit, you see, Edgar"; and Polly's face flushed with feeling as she drew patterns on the table-cloth with her tortoise-shell hair-pin. "You see, of course, the good fairies are not going to leave you in the lurch when you've turned your back on the ugly temptations, and are doing your very best. And now that we've talked it all over, Edgar, I'm not ashamed of you! Mama and I have been so proud of your successes the last month. She believes in you!"

"Of course," said Edgar, dolefully; "because she knows only the best."

"But I know the best and the worst too, and I believe in you! It seems to me the best is always the truest part of one, after all. No—we are not going to be naughty any more; we are going to earn that hateful Tony's money; we are going to take all the class honors,—just for fun, not because we care for such trifles,—and we are going home for the summer holidays in a blaze of glory!"

Edgar rose with a lighter heart in his breast than he had felt there for many a week. "Good night, Parson Polly," he said, rather formally,

for he was too greatly touched to be able to command his tones; "add your prayers to your sermons, and perhaps you 'll bring the black sheep safely into the fold."

The quick tears rushed to Polly's eyes. She feared she had annoyed him by too much advice. "Oh, Edgar," she said, with a quivering lip, "I did n't mean to pose or to preach! You know how full of faults I am, and if I were a boy I should be worse! I was only trying to help a little, even if I am younger, and a girl! Don't—don't think I was setting myself up as better than you; that's so mean and conceited and small!"

Suddenly Edgar's heart throbbed with a new feeling. He saw as in a vision the purity, fidelity, and tender yearning of a true woman's nature shining through a girl's eyes. In that moment he wished as never before to be manly and worthy. He seemed all at once to understand his mother, his sister, all women better, and with a quick impulsive gesture which he would not have understood a month before, he stooped over astonished Polly's hand, kissed it reverently without a word, then closed the door, and went to his room.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

"I 'VE had a little adventure," said Polly to her mother one afternoon. "I went out, for the sake of the ride, on the Sutter street cable-cars with Milly Foster. When we came to the end of the line, Milly walked down to Geary street to take her car home. I went with her to the corner, and as I was coming back I saw a lady in black alighting from an elegant carriage. She had a coachman and footman, both with weeds on their hats, and she seemed very sad and grave; but she had such a sweet, beautiful face that I was sorry for her the first moment I looked at her. She walked along in front of me toward the cemetery, and there we met those little boys that stand about the gate with bouquets. She glanced at the flowers as if she would like to buy some, but you know how hideous they always are,—every color of the rainbow crowded in tightly together,—and she looked away, dissatisfied. I don't know why

she had n't brought some with her—she looked rich enough to buy a whole conservatory; perhaps she had n't expected to drive there. However, Milly Foster had given me a whole armful of beautiful flowers (you know she has a 'white garden'): there were white sweet peas, Lamarque roses, and three stalks of snowy Eucharist lilies. I need n't tell my own mother that I did n't stop to think twice; I just stepped up to her and said, 'I should like to give you my flowers, please. I don't need them, and I am sure they are just sweet and lovely enough for the place you want to lay them.'

"The tears came into her eyes,—she was just ready to cry at anything, you know,—and she took them at once, and said, squeezing my hand very tightly, 'I will take them, dear. The grave of my own (and my only) little girl lies far away from this,—the snow is falling on it to-day,—but whenever I cannot give the flowers to her, I always find the resting-places of other children, and lay them there. I know it makes her happy, for she was born on Christmas Day, and she was full of the Christmas spirit, always thinking of other people, never of herself.'

"She did look so pale, and sad, and sweet, that I began to think of you without your troublesome Polly, or your troublesome Polly without you; and she was pleased with the flowers, and glad that I understood, and willing to love anything that was a girl or that was young—oh! you know, Mamacita, and so I began to cry a little, too; and the first thing I knew I kissed her, which was most informal, if not positively impertinent. But she seemed to like it, for she kissed me back again, and I ran and jumped on the car, and here I am! You will have to eat your dinner without any flowers, madam, for you have a vulgarly strong, healthy daughter, and the poor lady in black has n't."

This was Polly's first impression of "the lady in black," and thus began an acquaintance which was destined before many months to play a very important part in Polly's fortunes and misfortunes.

What "the lady in black" thought of Polly, then and subsequently, was told at her own fireside, where she sat, some six weeks later,

chatting over an after-dinner cup of coffee with her brother-in-law.

"Take the arm-chair, John," said Mrs. Bird; "for I have 'lots to tell you,' as the little folks say. I was in the Children's Hospital about five o'clock to-day. I have n't been there for three months, and I felt guilty about it. The matron asked me to go up-stairs into the children's sitting-room—the one Donald and I fitted up in memory of Carol. She said that a young lady was telling stories to the children, but that I might go right up and walk in. I opened the door softly,—though I don't think the children would have noticed if I had fired a cannon in their midst,—and stood there, spellbound by the loveliest, most touching scene I ever witnessed. The room has an open fire, and in a low chair, with the firelight shining on her face, sat that charming, impulsive girl who gave me the flowers at the cemetery—I told you about her. She was telling stories to the children. There were fifteen or twenty of them in the room,—all the semi-invalids and convalescents, I should think,—and they were gathered about her like flies round a saucer of honey. Every child that could was doing its best to get a bit of her dress to touch, or a finger of her hand to hold, or an inch of her chair to lean upon. They were the usual pale, weary-looking children, most of them with splints and weights and crutches, and through the folding-doors that opened into the next room I could see three more little things sitting up in their cots and drinking in every word with eagerness and transport.

"And I don't wonder. There is magic in that girl for sick or sorrowing people. I wish you could have seen and heard her. Her hair is full of warmth and color; her lips and cheeks are pink; her eyes are bright with health and mischief, and beaming with love, too; her smile is like sunshine, and her voice as glad as a wild bird's. I never saw a creature so alive and radiant, and I could feel that the weak little creatures drank in her strength and vigor, without depleting her, as flowers drink in the sunlight.

"As she stood up and made ready to go, she caught sight of me, and ejaculated, with the most astonished face: 'Why, it is my lady in black!' Then, with a blush, she added, 'Ex-

cuse me! I spoke without thinking—I always do. I have thought of you very often since I gave you the flowers; and as I did n't know your name, I have always called you my lady in black.'

"I should be very glad to be your 'lady' in any color," I answered, "and my other name is Mrs. Bird." Then I asked her if she would not come and see me. She said, 'Yes, with pleasure,' and told me also that her mother was ill, and that she left her as little as possible; whereupon I offered to go and see her instead.

"Now, here endeth the first lesson, and here beginneth the second, viz., my new plan, on which I wish to ask your advice. You know that all the money Donald and I used to spend on Carol's nurses, physicians, and what not, we give away each Christmas Day in memory of her. It may be that we give it in monthly instalments, but we try to plan it and let people know about it on that day. I propose to create a new profession for talented young women who like to be helpful to others as well as to themselves. I propose to offer this little Miss Oliver, say, twenty-five dollars a month, if she will go regularly to the Children's Hospital and to the various orphan-asylums just before supper and just before bedtime, and sing and tell stories to the children for an hour. I want to ask her to give two hours a day only, going to each place once or twice a week; but of course she will need a good deal of time for preparation. If she accepts, I will see the managers of the various institutions, offer her services, and arrange for the hours. I am confident that they will receive my *protégé* with delight, and I am sure that I shall bring the good old art of story-telling into fashion again, through this gifted little girl. Now, John, what do you think?"

"I heartily approve, as usual. It is a novelty, but I cannot see why it 's not perfectly expedient, and I certainly can think of no other way in which a monthly expenditure of twenty-five dollars will carry so much genuine delight and comfort to so many different children. Carol would sing for joy if she could know of your plan."

"Perhaps she does know it," said Mrs. Bird, softly.

And so it was settled.

Polly's joy and gratitude at Mrs. Bird's proposal baffles the powers of the narrator.

It was one of those things pleasant to behold, charming to imagine, but impossible to describe. After Mrs. Bird's carriage had been whirled away, she watched at the window for Edgar, and, when she saw him nearing the steps, did not wait for him to unlock the door, but opened it from the top of the stairs, and flew down them to the landing as lightly as a feather.

As for Edgar himself, he was coming up with unprecedented speed, and they nearly fell into each other's arms as they both exclaimed, in one breath, "Hurrah!" and, then, in another, "Who told you?"

"How did you know it?" asked Edgar. "Has Tom Mills been here?"

"What is anybody by the name of Mills to me in my present state of mind!" exclaimed Polly. "Have you some good news, too? If so, speak out quickly."

"Good news? I should think I had; what else were you hurrahing about? I've won the scholarship, and I have a chance to earn some money! Tom Mills's eyes are in bad condition, and the oculist says he must wear blue goggles and not look at a book for two months. His father wrote to me to-day, and he asks if I would read over the day's lessons with him every afternoon or evening, so that he can keep up with the class; and said that if I would do him this great service he would be glad to pay me any reasonable sum. He 'ventured' to write me on Professor Hope's recommendation."

"Oh! Edgar, that is too, too good!" cried

VOL. XX.—20.

Polly, jumping up and down in delight. "Now hear my news. What do you suppose has happened?"

"Somebody has left you a million."

"No, no!" (scornfully) "My lady in black, Mrs. Donald Bird, has been here all the after-



POLLY READING IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

noon, and she offers me twenty-five dollars a month to give up the Baer cubs, and tell stories two hours a day in the orphan-asylums and the Children's Hospital! Just what I love to do! Just what I always longed to do! Just what I would do if I were a billionaire! Is n't it heavenly?"

"Well, well! We are in luck, Polly! Hurrah! Fortune smiles at last on the Noble-Oliver household. Let's have a jollification! Oh! I

forgot. Tom Mills wants to come to dinner. Will you mind?"

"Let him come, goggles and all; we'll have the lame and the halt as well as the blind if we happen to see any. Mama won't care. I told her we'd have a feast to-night that should vie with any of the old Roman banquets! Here's my purse; please go down on Polk street—ride both ways—and buy anything extravagant and unseasonable you can find. Get forced tomatoes; we'll have 'chops and tomato sauce' à la Mrs. Bardell; order fried oysters in a browned loaf; get a quart of ice-cream, the most expensive variety they have, and a loaf of the richest cake in the bakery. Buy roses, or orchids, for the table, and give five cents to that dirty little boy on the corner there. In short, as Frank Stockton says, 'Let us so live while we are up that we shall forget we have ever been down!'" and Polly plunged up-stairs to make a toilet worthy of the occasion.

The banquet was such a festive occasion that Yung Lee's Chinese reserve was sorely tried, and he giggled while waiting on the table.

Polly had donned a trailing black silk skirt of her mother's, with a white chuddah shawl for a court train, and a white lace waist to top it. Her hair was wound into a knot on the crown of her head and adorned with three long black ostrich feathers, which soared to a great height, and presented a most magnificent and queenly appearance.

Tom Mills, whose father was four times a millionaire, wondered why they never had such

(To be continued.)

gay times at his home, and tried to fancy his sister Blanche sparkling and glowing and beaming over the prospect of earning twenty-five dollars a month.

Then, when bedtime came, Polly and her mother talked it all over in the dark.

"Oh, Mamacita, I am so happy! It's such a lovely beginning, and I shall be so glad, so glad to do it! I hope Mrs. Bird did n't invent the plan for my good (for I have been frightfully shabby each time she has seen me), but she says she thinks of nothing but the children. Now we will have some pretty things, won't we?—and oh! do you think, not just now, but some time in the distant centuries, I can have a string of gold beads?"

"I do, indeed," sighed Mrs. Oliver. "You are certainly in no danger of being spoiled by luxury in your youth, my poor little Pollikins; but you will get all these things some time, I feel sure, if they are good for you, and if they belong to you. You remember the lines I read the other day:

"Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea
And, like thy shadow, follow thee."

"Yes," said Polly, contentedly; "I am satisfied. My share of the world's work is rushing to meet me. To-night I could just say with Sarah Jewett's Country Doctor, 'My God, I thank Thee for my future.'"

THE CONJURER.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

INTO the world from far away
Where the year is always tuned to May
And the wind sounds soft as a lark aloft,
A conjurer came once on a day.
Many a mystic spell he knew
Wherewith to turn gray skies to blue;
To make dull hours grow bright as flowers,
And tasks that are old turn light as new.

A touch of his magic wand, and lo!
From empty hands sweet favors flow,
And pleasures bloom in lives of gloom
Where naught but sorrow seemed to grow.
Out of the stormy sky above
He brings white Peace, like a heavenly dove.
His might is sure and his art is pure,
And his name—the conjurer's name—is Love.

The Vrow that lives by Haarlem Lake



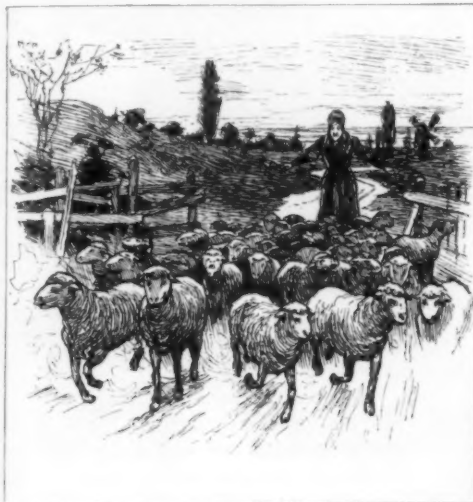
I.

By Haarlem Lake the old Vrow sits,
From morn till night she knits and knits,
She knits the stockings black and white,
And brown and gray, and loose and tight.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



II.

She never stops to eat or sleep,
She knits the wool all off the sheep,
She knits the yarn all out of shops,
She knits and knits, and never stops.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



III.

And when the sun sets every day,
She packs the stockings safe away;
On every shelf and every board
By hundreds are the stockings stored.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.





IV.

With tearless eyes the old Vrow sees
The winter come and the people freeze;
In all the country, miles around,
There 's not a stocking to be found.

Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



V.

A beggar-child came to her door,
The child no shoes nor stockings
wore;

But the Vrow, she turned the
child away,—
And began to shiver from that day.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

VI.

A warm cloak round her she does fold,
Yet the old Vrow is always cold;
A roaring fire of logs she makes,
And yet she shivers and she shakes.

Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



VII.

The stubborn kettle mocked her toil;
The water froze and would not boil;
Within the pan the sausage nice
Turned to a solid lump of ice.

Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

VIII.

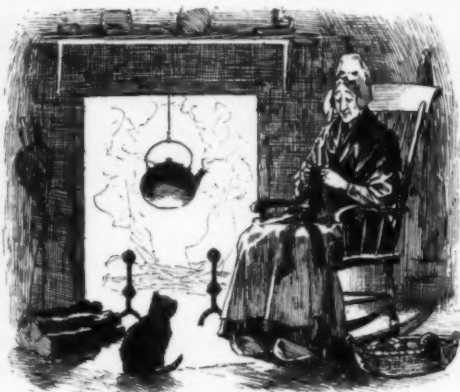
She shook with cold, there by herself,
Till she shook the tea-cups from the shelf;
She shook the garments from the pegs,
She shook the tables off their legs.

Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



IX.

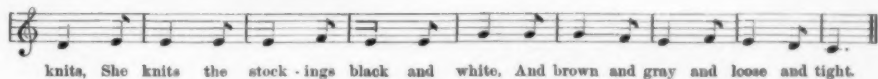
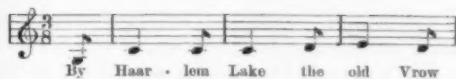
Then the old Vrow from the door did call,
 "Come here! Come here! good people all!"
 And all came trooping through the snows,
 And she gave them stockings for their toes.
 Knittety in de claver,
 Knittety in de haver.



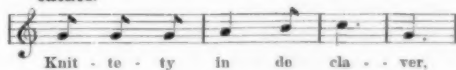
X.

And still she knits from morn till night,
 And gives her stockings left and right;
 The people call her "The good old Vrow,"
 And she's always warm and happy now.

 Knittety in de claver,
 Knittety in de haver.

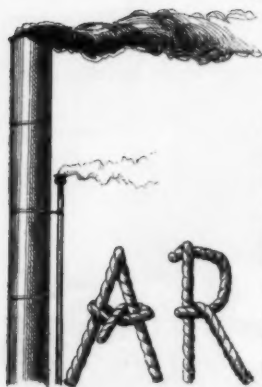


CHORUS.



RAILWAY SPEED AT SEA.

By J. O. DAVIDSON.



back in the year 1834, Captain John Ericsson, whom we all remember as the builder of the first ironclad "Monitor," applied for a patent on a screw propeller to be used in driving ships through the water. Ten years

later the secretary of the British Admiralty persuaded that body to make a trial of the new machine in the frigate "Arrogant."

The device was a success. The frigate went faster than others of her size using sails alone; she could move about in the water when there was no wind, and when other ships were motionless or at anchor; and although her speed, even with the wind, was but little increased, and the sailors growled at having the ship's hold filled up with "tea-kettles and b'ilers," they had to admit that she was safer in a gale, and could go better than before. Popular feeling was against the propeller, however, and it was not until 1852 that it was placed in the larger ships of war.

All great inventions have to fight their way, and this was no exception. It gradually came into use among merchant ships, and when the naval authorities saw its advantages most of the opposition ceased, and they decided to try it in the greatest ship they had. The "Windsor Castle" had just been completed at the Royal Dockyard, Pembroke. She was 255 feet long, 60 feet wide, and had three tiers of port-holes, —room for 120 guns. She was the result of years of labor, and was then the greatest war-ship in the world.

It seemed a pity to desecrate this noble craft by loads of coal, tons of oily machinery, hot boilers, and a company of "greasy engi-

neers," but it would never do to have England's greatest war-ship lacking in anything that could give her greater speed and strength. Therefore it was decided to cut the vessel in two, and lengthen her so as to accommodate the machinery. She was sawed directly through amidships, the stern was pushed back twenty-three feet, and the gap built up solid with the rest of the ship. When she was launched the machinery was put in. Complete, she was 278 feet long, and carried 20 more guns.

In making a report of this great ship to the French Navy, Lieutenant Labrousse urged the French also to adopt the propeller, and wrote that "the use of the screw as a means of propulsion is far from diminishing a ship's sailing qualities. It is, on the contrary, *capable of adding* to the certainties of navigation."

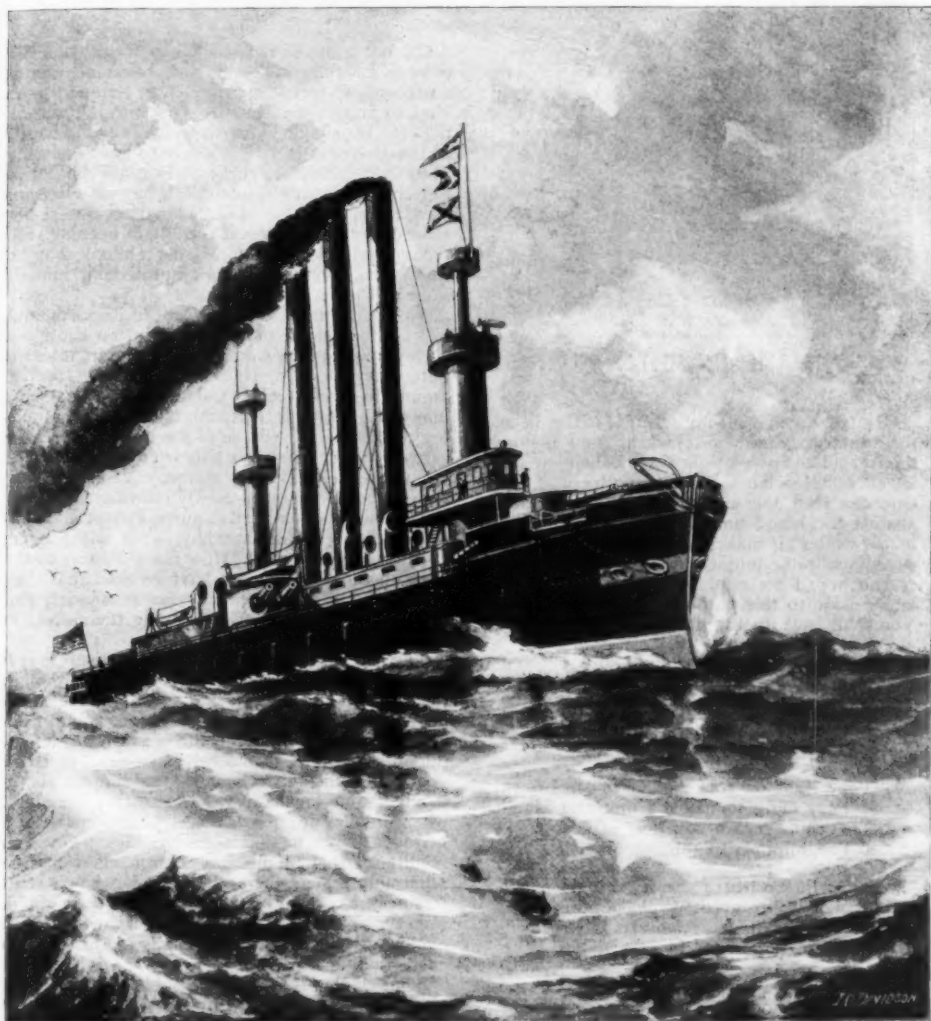
In 1859 we find the "Great Eastern" using the propeller, but only as an aid to her paddle-wheels. In fact, for many years thereafter, all the ocean steamers used paddles only. The war-ships alone continued to experiment with the propellers.

Now, however, everything has changed in favor of the screw, and, except some light river-boats drawing little water, all steamers are run by propellers. Boats were soon built with propellers under the keel, then others used two, one on either side of the keel, and now three are being successfully operated.

Then came the days of "forced draft," when the fire-rooms were closed up tight, and air was pumped in to go roaring up through the chimneys after fanning the fires into greater heat. The engines worked faster, and the ship's speed was increased; but the increase soon reached a limit, for the boiler-room became so hot that the poor firemen could not stay at their posts for more than fifteen minutes at a time. One hundred and sixty-five degrees was

the awful heat they had to work in recently on the fast United States ship "Concord." The men fainted in front of the furnaces, and others were hard to hire. What was to be done?

dred feet high. These have the same effect as the tall factory chimneys on land. The firemen do not find this natural draft so oppressive, and these smoke-stacks give a steam power that



THE NEW SHIP OF WAR "BROOKLYN," WITH SMOKE-STACKS ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.

The limit of speed for ships seemed to be reached, while more speed was wanted.

Commodore George W. Melville, of the United States Navy, has solved the puzzle by designing a ship with smoke-stacks one hun-

sends the great ship, with spinning screws, at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. And, even at this railway speed, she will use so little coal that she can run 24,000 miles, or almost around the world, without renewing her supply.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD DAY to you, my friends! The heart of the winter is yours, and Jack at your honorable service. The crisp, bright earth, when one knows it well, is still as fair as in any month of the twelve. One can read the writing of the bare branches against the blue; and this clear, ringing, sport-loving winter air makes me glad that a ST. NICHOLAS Jack-in-the-pulpit may be alert in all seasons.

And here I am reminded of an odd fancy that lately came to this pulpit from Adalena F. Dyer. You shall have it straightway. The lady calls it

WHEN JACK FROST PLUCKS HIS GEESE.

JACK FROST is plucking geese to-day;
The snowy feathers everywhere,
Like white doves, take their silent way
Down through the frosty air.

They light on roof and fence-top brown,
They cling to naked trunk and bough,
They hide 'neath coverlets of down
The hilltop's blighted brow.

They linger where the flowers sleep
In dells by north winds never stirred;
They build in forest coverts deep
Warm homes for beast and bird.

When Jack Frost plucks his downy geese,
The children watch with noisy mirth,
To see the soft, white drifts increase,
And hide the faded earth.

Young blood is strong and mocks at cold,
And snow is just as warm as fleece
To boys and girls who revel hold,
When Jack is plucking geese.

THIS is very pretty, good poet, and as it should be. Jack Frost may pluck his geese in his own

airy fashion with never a word of reproof from this pulpit, you may be sure.

Now you shall hear my friend, Meredith Nugent discourse upon one of the bright doings of that bulky, brave and burly fellow—the Elephant:

AN ELEPHANT'S SUNSHADE.

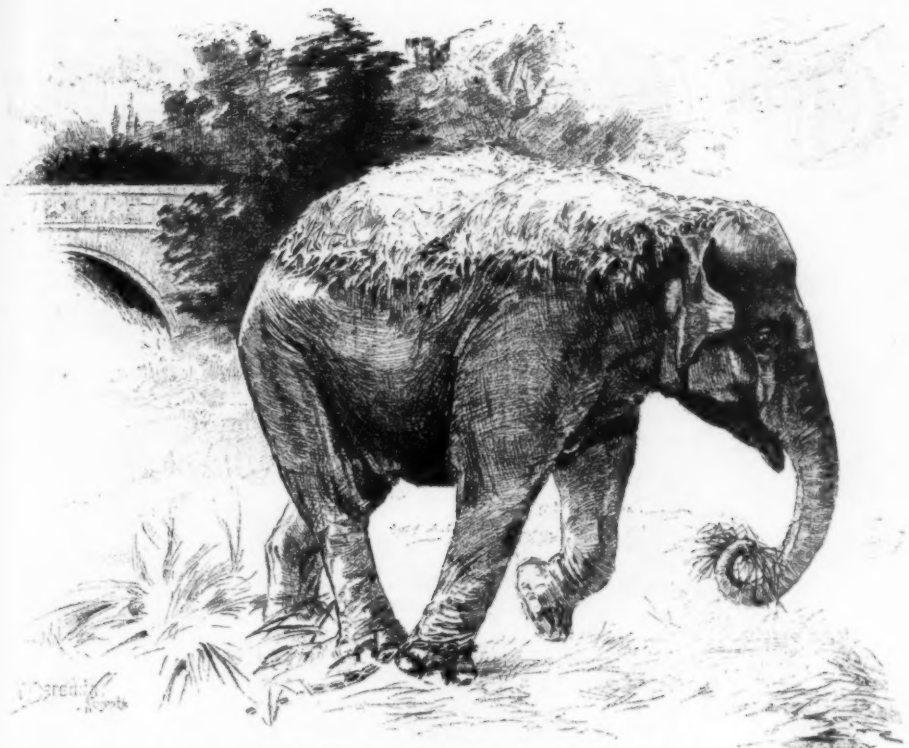
ON hot summer days in New York, when the mercury is well up in the nineties, it becomes almost a necessity to carry an umbrella, or shade of some kind, to protect ourselves from the burning rays of the sun. We should hardly expect, however, a native of India—residing in this city—to have the same need for a sunshade, particularly when the native is a huge Indian elephant. That an elephant should feel the heat in our climate seems rather absurd, but as he does, it is quite in keeping with the general intelligence of this animal that he should invent some means of protecting himself from it.

The elephant inclosure in Central Park contains no trees nor shade of any kind, and on those hot days when the heat is almost unbearable, it seems hotter there than any place in New York. Grouped around the inclosure are usually scores of persons, many with sunshades and umbrellas, intently watching the elephants. Some of the huge animals are carefully tossing hay upon their own backs, whilst others, whose backs are almost covered, may be seen peacefully resting. Newly mown grass is what the elephant prefers for this purpose,—perhaps because it feels cooler than hay,—but hay answers the purpose very well. How many visitors to the park on these warm days have realized that they were not the only ones carrying sunshades, and that the elephants were protecting themselves in like fashion!

The fact that elephants never attempt to thatch their backs with hay during the winter, although the same opportunities for doing so exist, seems to prove that they use the hay as a protection from heat. They may sportively throw a little hay about, but nothing more. However, in fly-time, there are good and sufficient reasons for the animals adopting the same means of defense again; therefore, when the flies are fierce, the elephants cover their huge backs as on hot summer days. One can readily see that in this way their backs would be admirably protected from flies, while the constant tossing of hay so that it falls all over the body would, for a while, keep the annoying insects at bay. The elephants will keep the flies away in this manner even when under cover.

That elephants should be troubled by flies seems almost as odd as that they should feel the sun of our climate. Their powerful bodies are covered with a skin that one would think would be proof against all flies, but in spite of the elephant's ruggedness, he is a most sensitive creature. In his native country, when carrying travelers, he will sometimes stop by the roadside, select a leafy switch about five feet long, and keep the flies at bay by flapping his great body with it.

In their wild state, I suppose, elephants go out in the sun but very little; the natural histories



THE ELEPHANT PROTECTS HIS BACK IN HOT WEATHER.

speaking of their going to the pools at night to quench thirst and to enjoy a frolic in the water. In the daytime they usually are found beneath the friendly shade of a grove of trees. Of course, with this natural shade there would be no necessity for them to protect themselves from the sun by artificial means, and the fact that they thatch their backs in Central Park to shield them is only another proof of the wonderful intelligence which these animals always exhibit.

THE ANT AS AN ENGINEER.

Now comes another curious story—a true story, showing the ingenuity and skill of the little ants that, I am told, often find their way into home-pantries, and vex the souls of housekeepers. The author, Lutie E. Deane, for reasons of her own, tells this bit of natural history in verse; and so in verse you shall hear it:

THE pastry was delicious, and I wanted it myself,
So I put it in the pantry on the very lowest shelf;
And to keep it from the insects, those ants so red and small,
I made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as could be,
And the captain with his aide-de-camp just skirmished round to see

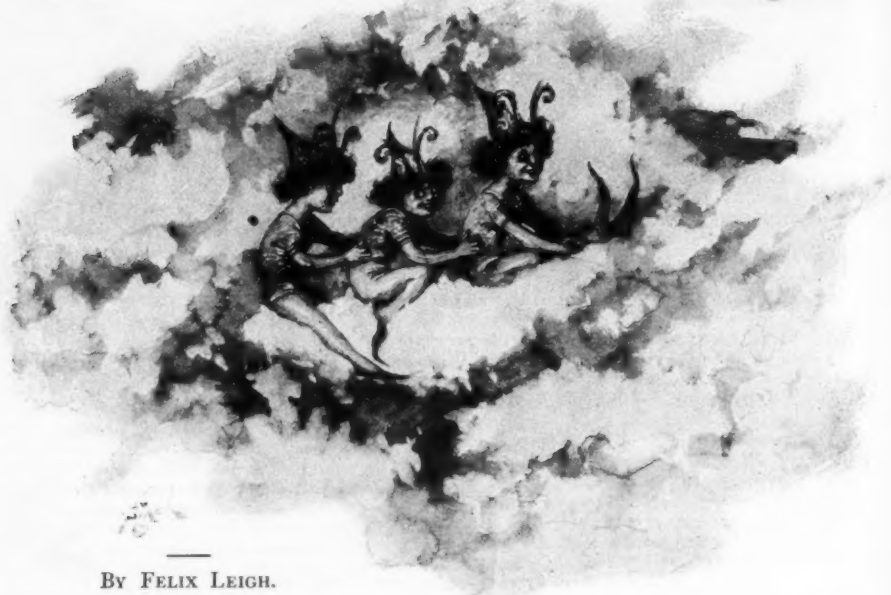
Whether they could ford this river, or should try some other plan,
And together with his comrades he around the liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction, after traveling around,
The place where the molasses was the narrowest he found;
Then again he reconnoitered, rushing forward and then back,
Till he spied some loosened plaster in the wall around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a foreman for each squad,
And he marshaled the whole army and before him each ant trod.
His directions all were given; to his chiefs he gave a call;
While he headed the procession as they marched off up the wall.

Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck and nothing more,
And he climbed and tugged and carried till he'd brought it to the shore;
Then they built their bridge, just working for an hour by the sky,
After which they all marched over and all fell to eating pie.

The Cruise of The Elves



BY FELIX LEIGH.

THREE elves sailed forth on a flake of snow,
And a great wind soon began to blow.
"We must take in sail at once," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"



Then they looked about them, fore and aft,
But they found no sail on their snowflake
craft.

"We must port our helm instead," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"

But, alas, there wasn't a helm to shift,
So they ran aground on a big snowdrift.
"This *is* n't bad seamanship," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"

"You can't reef sails that you have n't got,
Or port your helm where a helm is not;
But we know what *should* be done," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"

To Elftown straight from that spot they sped,
And they paced the streets with a naval tread.
"'T was a most successful cruise," said they,
"With our yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay,"

(S

Valentine Verses

By D.J.B.



Bessie :

Four little children coming in a line
To bring their Mother a Valentine.

Norman :

Of all the pretty girls, far and near,
The prettiest is my Mama dear!

De Forest :

The proudest Knight in all the land
Bows low to kiss his Mother's hand

Doris

The rose is red, the violet's blue.
Sugar's sweet, and so are you!

Jr.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE frontispiece to this number of ST. NICHOLAS shows a very remarkable occurrence—one that is perhaps without a parallel in all history. During the invasion of Holland by the army of the first French Republic, in 1794, word was brought to the invaders that some of the Dutch ships were ice-bound in the Zuyder Zee, and that the ice was thick enough to bear horsemen. The French Hussars were at once sent galloping over the ice, and succeeded in capturing the Dutch men-of-war—probably the only case where horsemen have captured an enemy's fleet at sea.

ANOTHER picture, that on page 296, is especially interesting because it is taken from an actual photograph of two snake-charmers and their cobras. ST. NICHOLAS will give in an early number a paper by Mr. G. P. O'Reilly, explaining how some of the Eastern snake-charmers perform their feats.

TWO of the illustrations to the article "Batting under Water" show instances of torpedo warfare, during our Civil War,—the destruction of the "Tecumseh," which led the fleet when Admiral Farragut passed the forts at Mobile Bay, as described in a striking paper published in *The Century* for June, 1881; and the sinking of the Confederate ram "Albemarle," while anchored in the Roanoke River, N. C. Of this exploit Captain Warley, commander of the *Albemarle*, declared, "A more gallant

thing was not done during the war." In *The Century* for July, 1888, Lieutenant Cushing, who destroyed the ram, has told the thrilling story of his expedition.

A letter from the author of the article on submarine boats, received since that article was put into type, gives some later information. He writes:

The "Gymnote" has proved her superiority by severe trials in the harbor of Toulon, and the "Zede," a new boat now nearly complete, will be an even better boat of the same general kind. The "Peral" has lately failed to meet the requirements of a commission of Spanish naval experts. An experimental boat has been designed and built by Naval Constructor Pullini, of Italy; it is of one hundred tons burden, driven by an electric motor, carries four men, and can remain under water for five hours. Other details and its actual merits are not yet known. Mr. George C. Baker, of Chicago, has built and tried a new boat, that has a wooden, walnut-shaped hull, is of seventy-five tons burden, driven by steam when on the surface and by electricity when submerged. Her side-screws not only propel the boat but regulate her sinking. Her trial was on the Detroit River, May 24, 1892, in the presence of the Chief of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance and other Government experts. With a crew of two men, and supplied with only natural air, she remained under water for 1 hour and 45 minutes. She kept on an even keel, rose and descended repeatedly, and was completely in control of her pilot. She is regarded as a very promising boat—next to the *Gymnote* and *Zede*. Mr. Baker had no knowledge of the subject till attracted to it by magazine and periodical articles two or three years ago, and yet he has now succeeded in making the second-best boat.

THE LETTER-BOX.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for thirteen years, and I don't believe we have missed one number. First you were taken for my eldest sister, and as she grew older there were the rest of us to read you. There are six children,—four girls and two boys,—so you see we have a nice big family. One of my sisters is at Smith's College, and we often have long and interesting letters from her.

My father is stationed at a naval hospital near Mt. Desert, Maine, where we go every summer. Papa is the surgeon, and as there are no patients, we have a good deal of fun. We play tennis, croquet, and go rowing, but what we like most is sailing. One day we went quite far out to sea. The waves were high, and the bow of the sloop went under water. My brother and one of his friends were standing near the bow. A big wave came, and the sailor, seeing it, turned the sloop in such a way that they got a good ducking. I guess they felt rather wet. Anyhow, the water just dripped off them as if they had jumped overboard.

I remain your loving reader,

MARY W. H.—.

MT. ST. JOSEPH, CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our class have had most of your letters and short stories for dictation, and we have never yet seen a letter from Chestnut Hill, so we have each to write one for our composition this week. The best ones are going to be sent; mine is going first, and I hope it will not be the last.

We have been taking you ever since there was such a magazine as ST. NICHOLAS, and we shall never stop taking you, for you are so interesting. We have many bound volumes of you in the library, and happy is the one whose turn it is to read one of these.

I am twelve years old, and have been going to boarding-school—Mt. Joseph's, on the Wissahickon—for three years; I am very happy here. I am in "Junior B," and we have nine in the class. We are a very happy party of girls when at play, and very studious in study-time; our time is divided into periods of three-quarters of an hour. We rise very early, and retire generally at about half-past eight; the children of the Elementary Department go to the "Land of Shut-eye" at about half-past seven. On Saturdays we take long walks; on Sundays we write our letters.

After supper we are always free for about an hour and a half, and during that time we dance, play some games, or, if we are tired, a Sister reads us a story from your magazine.

Recreation days are the glorious times, for then we are free all day long; on those golden days a party of us get together, play ball, lawn-tennis, or whatever we have arranged to do. For weeks previous we have our program made out. In the evenings of those free days we usually dress up in costume.

I remain your interested reader, SYBIL G—.

CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I will write you something about the celebrated Thousand Islands, near which we live, and let some boys and girls know something about the beauties of our Canadian scenery.

Part of the great St. Lawrence River is covered with islands of all sizes. On some of these islands there are built beautiful summer residences, which are occupied through the summer months by families from all over Canada and the United States.

Last summer there was a government auction of the islands, and purchasers were obliged, within two years, to have a residence built on their island costing not less than one thousand dollars. Some of these islands are owned by very distinguished personages.

The finest of all the islands is the Thousand Island Park, on which is built a hotel where there are many Americans. Two summers ago it was burned, but it has since been rebuilt.

You are sent to us by a kind lady, who has sent you for five years.

Wishing you every success, and a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year, I am your loving admirer, H. M. F—.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about some ivy. It is a true story.

About Christmas-time, last year, I saw it peeping through the ventilation hole, which is under the fireplace. I wanted to keep it a secret, so I did not tell any one. About six months afterward my sister called our attention to it; the rest were very surprised, but of course I was not, as I had seen it before. The ventilation hole connects with outdoors, where there is some ivy growing. It had a hard time growing outside, so one branch came through. It shows that life can go into darkness and come out as fresh as ever.

I remain your devoted reader, ETHEL G—.

ATHENS, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I go to Sapelo Island, on the coast of Georgia, every summer, to visit my grandpa. I have a lovely time there; all of my cousins come too.

I learned to swim there. We go in bathing every day.

Once last summer we went out on a pilot-boat, and we met a tug-boat bringing in a schooner.

The last time you came was my birthday, and I read you all day. Your little reader, SUSIE B—.

FRANKLIN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. Last winter my papa and mama took me to Cuba, and I thought I would tell you about it.

At Port Tampa, Florida, we took a steamer for Cuba. It was a beautiful boat, called the "Olivette."

The steamer left the wharf at night. All the next day we were on the water. That night the boat reached

Key West, anchored there about two hours, and the next morning, at daybreak, entered the harbor of Havana, but we could not go up to the wharf, for ours was an American boat, so we anchored near the dock.

Presently a great many little boats came flocking around us; they were very small, and had a framework over the seats with a piece of canvas stretched over it.

We took a boat and went ashore. When we got there, we entered a hack and rode to the hotel. Such queer sights as we saw — so many uniformed soldiers, and little mules with bright red tassels on their harness.

Every morning before breakfast we went out on the balconies and watched guard-mounting, and after breakfast we went to market. I thought it was the queerest of all.

They bring the things to market by placing immense panniers made of straw on the horse's back, and loading them down with sugar-cane, and potatoes, and oranges and bananas, and a great many other things.

We stayed in Cuba ten days, and then went back to Port Tampa. It was a novel and pleasant experience.

Yours sincerely, AGNES M. R—.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF "UNCLE SAM."



MATTAPOISETT, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS I am a little girl, seven years old.

I had four alligators sent me from Florida. Three have died from a disease, my uncle calls it dispeptia, the other one seems to miss them but still eats. My uncle says he weeps crocodile tears, but aint he funny. I hope you will print my letter as I want to surprise uncle Georgy.

Please excuse my spelling.

Your ever reader FLOSSIE H—.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read so many letters from your readers that I thought you could find a little room for my letter.

I have traveled all over Europe; I have also been South and West. When I was at Bremen I went to a fair, which is given every year. It is usually given the last of October.

Bremen is not a very large town; it has few streets.

There is one street which is very wide, and it runs through a small park. This street goes to another street where all the shops are.

Near this street is an open square, where there is a large circus. This circus is not like the ones in America. It is in a large wooden house. Inside it is very pretty; the seats are more like the ones in an opera-house.

There is only one ring in the middle, and only one thing at a time is going on. Next to the circus is a merry-go-round, and other amusements. The streets during the fair are crowded. On both sides of the streets are stands or counters with covers. The best time to see the fair is by night, when the streets are lighted.

I am sincerely yours, ANITA LENORE H—.

JOHNSTOWN, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The story "Two Girls and a Boy" has interested me a great deal because my past summer's experience is so similar to Mildred's.

Though I did not come from Washington and did not go to California, I came from Hartford, Connecticut, to Wyoming; and I know just how Mildred felt when she was on the trains, and when she crossed the Missouri River.

When we reached the end of our railroad journey, Papa met us with the same kind of a wagon that Mildred rode to her cousin's ranch in.

Don't you think it is very queer that the ranch we are on is called the "Sweet Water" ranch too?

We had to ride sixty-five miles in a wagon, while Mildred only had to ride thirty.

My brother and I can ride horseback pretty well. We each have a pony.

I am eleven years old.

From a reader who looks forward to you every month.

KATHARINE G. C—.

FORT SAM, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think maybe your readers might be interested in how my sister Marion and myself were in quarantine this summer. We went north and passed a very pleasant summer in the Catskills and other places, and we returned home during the cholera scare in September, on the S. S. "Comal," with our friend Captain R—, with whom we had sailed four times before. We had a very pleasant time on board, and the captain was very kind to us.

When we were going out of New York harbor, we passed the cholera ships and looked at them with great curiosity, wondering how it would seem to be quarantined, not dreaming that we ourselves might be. When we reached Galveston Bay we were told by the pilot we were to be quarantined five days. We were very much surprised, and wondered how we should pass the time; but, oh! it passed too quickly. We had great fun riding backward and forward on the tug, the "Hygeia," which took the things from the ship to the island on which the fumigator was. There we bathed and fished, and I never enjoyed anything more. The quarantine doctor, Dr. B—, was very kind to us, and he and the captain did everything in their power for us. When the end came we were very, very sorry indeed, and we then returned home.

Of course we were glad to get home, and I found a safety bicycle awaiting my arrival. It was a present from papa. We each have a pony, and both of them are white, and we enjoy riding them very much.

Your sincere reader, ALICE WHITE B—.

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of the lovely times I have in the country. Our country residence is in the eastern part of New York State, nine miles' drive from Schenectady. When I am there I ride horseback and drive. I was also in Dorchester, Mass., in the summer. One day we went to Salem and saw

many historical things. One was a church that was built in 1629; the beams are the same old ones, but the siding is new. In Essex Institute we saw the lock from the door of the room in which the Declaration of Independence was written, the mittens and shirt that Governor Bradford was baptized in, the carving-knife and fork that Napoleon Bonaparte used at St. Helena, a piece of the chair Penn sat in when he made the treaty with the Indians, and two bottles of the tea that was thrown overboard at the Boston tea-party,—it was found in the shoes of Lot Cheever after removing his disguise,—and many other things. I am your constant reader, "PEGGY."

THE "DEESTRICK SKULE."

BY ANNA MARLATT PIERCE (TEN YEARS OLD).

We go every day
To a little school,
Where the teacher is strict
If you break a rule.

And the scholars are fond
Of their studies and books,
And don't get from the teacher
Many bad looks.

But sometimes the boys
Have to go in a corner,
Where they can't have a plum,
Like "little Jack Horner."

And some are kept in
If they break a rule,
And they don't like that part
Of the "Deestrick Skule."

BIRMINGHAM, CT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what happened last night. We live on a farm and have several horses. There is a wood-house attached to the house. My bedroom is in the corner of the house nearest the wood-house, and last night I heard a good deal of noise in the wood-house; it sounded like a horse stamping. Papa went down into the shed, and there, in the dark, was one of our oldest horses eating apples out of a bag.

I have taken the St. NICHOLAS a long time, ever since 1880, and I like it very much.

Your loving reader, OWEN S—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Nora K., Frank S. C., C. H. B., Edmund O., I. L. J. M., Phyllis W., Charlie A., E. E. M., L. M. V., Maude M., Claire Van G., Madeline and Juliette F., Elsie C. C., Neely T., Nathan A., Robert W. M., Daisy R., E. M. B., Marguerite and Nona S., Margaret D. R., Edward B. S., Margaret H., Edith and Stuart H., L. B., E. B., Muriel W. C., Estelle S. de G., Diana H., Louise M. W., Adelaide, Louise P., Rhéa E., Gertrude H., Mabel B., Flora C. and Grace B., Theresa B., Sarah L., E. G. M., Elizabeth H. M., B. D. M. and G. S. R., Charles G. N. Jr., George R. DeB., Harriet C. T., J. J. La F., Edwin B., Agnes B., Joseph K. A., Alice McA., Ethel C., Marie O., Sara L. H., N. and S., Olga B., Vida L., Edna I. D., Muriel A. B., Hazel S., Gay R. T., T. L., A. B. D., M. A. G. and A. C. H., Ellen J., Hazel L. E., Evan T. S.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, D; finals, opposite. Cross-words: 1. Dido. 2. Deep. 3. Drop. 4. Dodo. 5. Dais. 6. Demi. 7. Dint. 8. Dime.

WORD-BUILDING. E, Ed, den, rend, trend, tender, tenders, resident, president.

PENTAGONS. Counter-charmed. I. 1. C. 2. Boa. 3. Bouts. 4. Counter. 5. Attire. 6. Serge. 7. Reel. II. 1. C. 2. She. 3. Shard. 4. Charmed. 5. Ermine. 6. Dents. 7. Desk.

ZIGZAG. "Mantuan Swan." Cross-words: 1. Mob. 2. Car. 3. Bin. 4. Ate. 5. Una. 6. Sap. 7. Ban. 8. Ask. 9. Wan. 10. Tan. 11. Fun.

SYNCOPIATIONS. Murillo. 1. Chamois, mosaic. 2. Premium, umpire. 3. Correct, rector. 4. Diction, indict. 5. Elegant, legate. 6. Glisten, legist. 7. Inroads, ordain.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS. Hens, lens, legs, logs, cogs, cows, cowl, coil, coin, coon, coop.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Josephine Sherwood—L. O. E.—Maude E. Palmer—Paul Reese—"Guion Line and Acme Slate Co."—"The McG's"—Chester B. Sumner—Mama and Jamie—E. M. G.—Uncle Mung—"The Peterkins"—Helen C. McCleary—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Jo and I—"The Wise Five minus Jim"—Infantry—"Hector and Rhipcus"—Cranston and Doctor—Ida C. Thallon—Blanche and Fred—Ida and Alice.

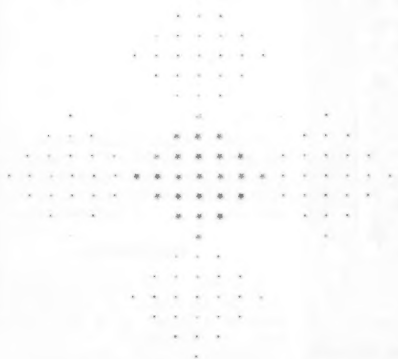
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Minnie and Lizzie, 1—Elaine S., 1—Carrie Chester, 1—Grace Isabel Shirley, 1—S. A. Gardner, 1—C. Wagner, 1—Alice V. Farquhar, 3—Mama and Clara, 2—"Stars and Stripes," 1—Etta and Agnes Sonntag, 1—E. S. Bauer, 1—H. M. Landgraf, 1—D. Neville Smith, 1—F. E. and A. T. R., 1—Nannie L., 1—"Mama and Sadie," 4—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Melville Hunnewell, 5—Hubert L. Bingay, 7—Laura M. Zinser, 7—Jessie Chapman, 10—D. F. Hereford, 8—Nellie Archer, 3—Bessie R. Crocker, 5—Gwendolen Reid, 6—Louise L. Hubbard, 2—Harriet L. Rose, 1—Elizabeth C. Grant, 3—Lillian Davis, 1—"Number Thirteen," 2—Rosalee Bloomingdale, 9—"May and '79," 4—"We Girls," 8—"Wareham," 10—Mama and Marion, 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals name the same hero.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A famous soldier. 2. A river flowing into the Atlantic Ocean. 3. The state of a poet. 4. A musical term meaning "indispensable." 5. The quantity sufficient to fill a ladle. 6. To relax or weaken. 7. A Scripture narrative set to music. 8. A famous Corsican. "SCÆVOLA."

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A unit. 3. Faulty. 4. Pertaining to the hip. 5. To hinder. 6. A very small draught. 7. In flocks.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A giver. 4. A crank. 5. Celebrated. 6. Disencumber. 7. In flocks.

CONCEALED WORDS. "Toys" and "candy."

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, cantata; 1 to 3, crabbed; 2 to 3, aground; 4 to 5, canvass; 4 to 6, charred; 5 to 6, subdued.

PI. I hear you, blithe new year, ring out your laughter
And promises so sweet:
I see the circling months that follow after,
Arm-linked, with waltzing feet.
Before my door I stand to give you greeting,
As swift you speed along,
And hear afar the echoes still repeating
Your trills of jocund song.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Idaho. 2. Droop. 3. Aorta. 4. Hotel. 5. Opals. II. 1. Rolo. 2. Ocean. 3. Leaps. 4. Lapse. 5. Onset. III. 1. Solar. 2. Omega. 3. Laden. 4. Agent. 5. Rents. IV. 1. Taper. 2. Amice. 3. Pills. 4. Eclat. 5. Rests.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A state of equality. 3. Popish. 4. A large letter. 5. Classed. 6. A youth. 7. In flocks.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A rug. 3. A slimy substance. 4. Pithy. 5. A musical adjuster. 6. A title. 7. In flocks.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A vehicle. 3. To provide food. 4. Pertaining to the sides. 5. A small fruit. 6. A line of light. 7. In flocks. II.

DIAMOND.

1. In singer. 2. A number. 3. Modifies. 4. A book of the Old Testament. 5. Collections of boxes. 6. A familiar abbreviation. 7. In singer.

M. S. HUTTON.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and nine letters, and am a saying of Beau Brummel's.

My 43-62-94 is to entreat. My 80-70-55-13 is twelve months. My 48-21-40-89-5-108-29 is an apparition. My 58-99-45-84-16 is a hard, black wood. My 37-82-104-19-11 is very particular. My 27-65-74-33-92-76 is ordinary quartz. My 87-2-22-60-63 is a sea-duck. My 17-24-34-8 is gaunt. My 67-96-72-15-78 is a passage into which the pews of a church open. My 1-52-3-105-69-6-98-109 is one whose pursuits are those of civil life. My 90-30-57-102 is a strong broth. My 32-107-59-20-9 is a king of Tyre, mentioned in the second book of Samuel. My 26-86-36-41 is the "Buckeye State." My 56-14-101 is suitable. My 88-83-64-38-47 is the smallest liquid measure. My 77-4-93-42-81 is the greenlet. My 49-100-18-35-71-44-25-75 is grace. My 79-54-10-95-103-51 is obscurity. My 7-12-23-28-31-39-40-50-53-61-66-68-73-85-91-97-106 are all the same consonant.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

FIND in the accompanying badge the name of a famous American, and a quotation from a eulogy upon him.

J. C. B.

A HEXAGON.



1. A soft mineral. 2. Watchful. 3. Residents. 4. Having the margin cut into rounded notches or scallops. 5. Followed by some mark that had been left by a person or thing that had preceded. 6. A spirited horse for state or war. 7. A mythological book of the old Scandinavian tribes. C. D.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

IN each of the ten following sayings a word of five letters is omitted. When these ten words are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous poet, who was born in February, 1807.

1. Idle are always meddling.

2. A bird is by its note, and a man by his talk.

3. Make yourself all, and the flies will devour you.

4. A is a fool's argument.

5. a fool your finger, and he will take your whole hand.

6. A small leak will sink a ship.

7. A person's ought to be his greatest secret.

8. He that shows his ill temper his enemy where he may hit him.

9. A rascal rich has lost all his kindred.

10. Do as most do, and will speak evil of thee.

"TOM NODDY."

ANAGRAM.

A distinguished poet:
BLESS YE, CHEERY SYLPH.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the staff of life, and leave to peruse. 2. Behead a place of darkness, and leave a pictorial enigma. 3. Behead to attain by stretching forth the hand, and leave every. 4. Behead an unbeliever, and leave a believer. 5. Behead having little distance from side

to side, and leave a missile weapon of offense. 6. Behead an apparition, and leave a number of men gathered for war. 7. Behead agitation of mind, and leave action. 8. Behead a large river, and leave a whetstone.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a French lyric poet, born in Paris, in 1780.

A. W. ASHHURST.

A COMPLEX SQUARE.

1	.	.	.
.	2	.	.
.	.	3	.
.	.	.	4

ACROSS: 1. A fish. 2. To be diminished. 3. An exterior covering of a seed. 4. A hideous cry.

DOWNWARD: 1. To swing from side to side. 2. A fleet animal. 3. A plant yielding indigo. 4. A woody glen.

From 1 to 4, to begin a voyage; from 4 to 1, a geological stratum.

ELDRED LUNGERICH.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials will spell a famous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A thin cake. 2. To change in some respect. 3. A subject on which a person writes. 4. A gold coin of the United States. 5. To rule. 6. A spear carried by horsemen. 7. A color. 8. To suppose.

"JOKER AND CLIP."

HOLLOW STAR.

	4	
1	.	2
.	.	.
.	.	.
5	.	6
	3	

FROM 1 to 2, a slender rod on which anything turns; from 1 to 3, arachnids; from 2 to 3, enrolls; from 4 to 5, aching; from 4 to 6, short oars; from 5 to 6, conjectures.

"ANNA CONDOR."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A snake found in India. 2. An insect. 3. A cover for the front of a dress. 4. A short fishing-line. 5. More aged.

DOWNWARD: 1. In turkey. 2. A tone of the diatonic scale. 3. An ecclesiastical pitcher. 4. Little demons. 5. An inferior kind of tin-plate. 6. An implement. 7. To bow slightly. 8. A Latin prefix. 9. In turkey.

"XELIS."

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THE BOY'S CARTOON.

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